

# THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

24th Year. No. 40.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1908.

THOMAS B. COOMES,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



**C**OMMISSIONER Oliphant, though of Scotch extraction, was born in Kent, England. At the age of thirteen he was sent to a French School. Five years later he determined to become an engineer, and studied the mysteries of making cables, galvanometers and telephones.

A godly clergyman then came across his track, and young Oliphant's ambitions were turned in another direction. He spent three years in studying for the ministry of the Church of England and in due time became a curate. Then he came under the powerful oratory of Mrs. Booth, and finally, at a meeting led by The General and the Maréchale, the then clergyman but now Salvation Army Commissioner, was "caught for ever." At an all night of prayer at Clapton he fully caught the Army's spirit and at the Penitent-Form made a particular and definite consecration of himself to God. The result was that he resigned his curacy and entered the Training Home. Since 1884 he has held important commands in Great Britain, Holland and Sweden. In 1901 he was sent to Germany.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant, (Célestine Schoch,) was born at S'herterengobosch, a garrison town in Holland, where her father was serving as an officer in the Dutch Army. When eight years of age she went with her parents to Africa, where the simplicity and devotion of the black folk, the naturalness of their religion and their real



self-sacrifice, made a deep impression on the child's mind.

On the family returning to Holland, the parents resolved to carefully guard their children from the worldly influences around them. They were asked to parties, to concerts, to dances, but the Schochs walled their children in by an eternal "No!" to all these things. Little Célestine often asked why she could not go to these dances and concerts and her mother replied: "My darling, we do not want you to go anywhere where God is not, and where people are not met to adore Him." This always satisfied her.

At the age of eighteen she came face to face with the question—"What shall I do with my life?" Her father was then actively engaged in evangelistic work and she used to help in the choir, teach in the Sunday School and visit the poor.

The Salvation Army then opened fire in Holland and her parents threw in their lot with it. Célestine had quite a struggle to follow their example, but in an all night of prayer, led by The General, she balanced up intelligently in her mind—the world and its advantages on the one side, and the Cross with its shame and the worth of precious souls on the other. She chose the Cross.

The chief joy of her heart was that The Army delighted in going among the most downtrodden of mankind, and this won forever her heart to The Army. She became an Officer therefore, and in 1888 married Major Oliphant.



## HE CAME A "CROPPER."

### A Romantic Social Story.

That a Colonel in His Majesty's army should seek the aid of The Salvation Army, through the medium of its Social operations, and consent to take his place side by side with the man whose prospects were a thousand times less rosy, sounds quite as romantic as any concocted story in the latest novel. It is a fact, though.

Like many more, our friend came a cropper after financial distress and wrong-doing.

He is sixty-four years of age, and states that he lost his money in Argentine Bonds.

In the year 1880 he was a parliamentary candidate for the Gravesend Independent party, and for many years was a major in the Royal Marines, eventually retiring with the honorary rank of Lieut. Colonel.

At the time of his financial collapse he was compelled to close down his town house, and secured a situation in an hotel as factotum. Circumstances eventually reduced him to such poverty that he was unable to pay his landlady's bill.

His request at Whitechapel was a very modest one—an opportunity to do something in return for his food and lodging.—Social Gazette.

## LITTLE THINGS.

### Live One Day at a Time.

Little evils can and do easily destroy the music of our hearts. Forgetting life must ever be step by step, we grow discouraged of ever attaining to great things.

An aged woman said to a little child, "If you look at the whole length of your seam, you will never get it sewn; look only at the little bit between your thumb and finger."

Our life is mercifully cut up into "littles." God knows that the "whole" of many things cannot be presented to us at once; and so our Lord taught us to pray for our daily bread, and said that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof, God does not will His children to be crushed with anything too heavy for them.

The great is always the aggregate of littles. While we are doing only "little" we are making progress, we are on our way to the end.

There are many attainments, both spiritual and temporal, which we could never have arrived at, but by a progress of little. It is not God's measures which crush us—it is our own—we will not become small enough—simple enough. We want to have to do with years, when God only means us to have to do with days. God's years are made of days.—Under the Colours.

## The Praying League

Prayer Topic—Pray for the Young Officers who will be Commissioned this week.

Sunday, July 12. — Saul's Mistake. I. Sam. xxvii, 3-25.

Monday, July 13. — David's Lament. I. Sam. i, 17-27.

Tuesday, July 14. — Explicit Directions. II. Sam. ii, 1-11.

Wednesday, July 15. — Waiting God's Time. II. Sam. v, 17-25.

Thursday, July 16. — David Dances. II. Sam. vi, 12-23.

Friday, July 17. — Man's Plans Reversed. II. Sam. vii, 1-17.

Saturday, July 18. — David's Thanksgiving. II. Sam. viii, 18-29.

EARLY MORNING PRAYER.

moment in the morning, are the

cares of day begin,

heart's wide door is open for

a world to enter in;

## MOCKING THE CHINAMAN.

### They Asked Him to Pray as a Joke.

In a certain New South Wales Corps there is a comical Chinaman, who has been an out-and-out Salvationist for some years. Some time after his conversion, while walking through the bush, he was met by two young men who gave him to understand that they were seeking salvation. So far as words of advice could go he did his best to assist them. He told them the story of Jesus, and of how he had been redeemed by His precious blood and asked them to seek the same Saviour.

Still pretending that they sought "forgiveness of sins," they asked him to pray for their souls. There, in the open daylight, in the wild bush, and at the feet of the two "scoffers in heart" knelt this faithful follower of Jesus Christ, and in his broken-English poured out his humble, earnest, heartfelt prayer that God would heal their souls and receive them unto Himself. Whilst he pleaded on their behalf, they giggled, looking upon the thing as a joke.

Was this not mocking the Almighty?

So far as I know, one of these two young men died without Christ. Oh, what a "lonely walk" through the valley of the shadow of death!

The other is a drunkard, in poverty, with a godless young wife and child. Oh, what will the judgment morn reveal? Methinks there will be one, perhaps two, who would have that humble, fervent Christian pray again.—Australian Cry.

## KNELT AT DRUM-HEAD.

### Now Carries His Own Penitent-Form.

Recruiting-Sergeant Richards, of Caerphilly, was converted at the drum-head two years ago. He had been "on the booze" for several days, and was in his pit clothes and nearly drunk when attracted by an open-air meeting. Brusing aside the advice of his pals to "wait until sober before joining The Army," he elbowed his way through the crowd, knelt in the ring, and cried to God for pardon.

Next morning he commenced what he regarded as his Soldiership by attending knee-drill and the open-airs. He is in the unique position of being able to carry his own penitent form around the town, for he is the drummer.—English War Cry.

Ab, then, alone, with Jesus, in the silence of the morn,  
In heavenly sweet communion let your duty day be born.

In the quietude that blesses, with a prelude of repose,  
Let your soul be soothed and softened, as the dew revives the rose.

A moment in the morning, take your Bible in your hand,  
And catch a glimpse of glory from the peaceful, promised land;

It will linger still before you when you seek the busy mart,  
And like flowers of hope will blossom into beauty in your heart.

The precious words, like jewels, will glisten all the day,  
With rare effulgent glory, that will brighten all the way;

When comes a sore temptation and your feet are near a snare,  
You may count them like a rosary, and make each one a prayer.

A moment in the morning—a moment, if no more—

Is better than an hour when the try-

## ON THE WATER WAGON NOW.

### He Poured the Whiskey Away.

On his way home from the express office, with a gallon of whiskey under his arm, a man was held up recently by Salvationists at Spartanburg, S.C., and, after prayers he arose with the determination to get on the water wagon and stay there the balance of his days. In fact, he was so in earnest about the matter that he asked Envoy Gossett to accompany him to Magistrate Kirby's office, where, in the presence of witnesses, he said he wished to take oath never to touch a drop of whiskey again, and also to have the gallon he had with him uncorked and poured out upon the ground.

Envoy Gossett took the man and his whiskey to Magistrate Kirby's office, but the "law-giver" was gone to dinner. After waiting for some time, they decided to destroy the whiskey, and accordingly it was poured upon the ground. The man said that he had had trouble in his home, multiplied by trouble out of his home, but that he was convinced whiskey caused it all. Though he did not make his oath in solemn form before the magistrate, he gave his word that he would touch no more whiskey as long as he lived.

"This is the kind of prohibition work that counts in a dry town," said a gentleman to a Herald representative, as he mentioned the incident. "This is what I call a good piece of work, and The Salvation Army workers are deserving of special praise for all such victories."—American Cry.

## SOOTHING A HUSBAND.

### A Story of a South African Farm.

Mrs. Major Maxfield writes:—"Between eleven and twelve one night we were roused from our slumbers by 'Murder!' being shouted through our bedroom window, and a woman's pitiful voice beseeching in broken English that we would let her in, as her husband was after her to kill her. Soon we had her inside, where she crouched under the table, telling her tale of woe. After we had pacified her and assured her of our protection for the night, she crawled out, trembling and sobbing, and said: 'Oh, missus, I have no father, no mother, no brother, no sister—please take me, and be a mother to me as long as I live, and I'll do anything in the world for you!'

Perstading her to postpone the fix-

ing day is o'er:  
'Tis the gentle dew from Heaven, the manna for the day,  
If you fall to gather early—alas! it melts away.  
So, in the blush of morning, take the offered hand of love,  
And walk in Heaven's pathway, and the peacefulness thereof.

## THE GENERAL'S PRAYERS.

This is what our beloved General has to say about private prayer:—

Day by day, when bowed before my Heavenly Father, I bring my children before Him. Running through their names, one by one, including the husbands, or wives, and children of those who are married, spreading out their needs at the hour, so far as I know them.

In my private devotions I usually pass from my relations according to the flesh, to my Brothers and Sisters according to the Spirit, and in order that I may not leave any out, I take them rank by rank, beginning with the Commissioners and finishing up with

ing-up of the new relationship till the morning, we got her safe into the kitchen, where she barricaded windows and doors with everything available, and went to bed, not, however, before she had endeavoured to extract a promise that we would be ready all night with a gun to shoot her husband if he should come. Assuring her that we would sleep with one ear open, we at last, disposed of our midnight visitor.

In the morning we saw her husband and gave him a straight talking to, with the result that presently they went off home to breakfast together. They have recently got saved, and are now living happily.—South African Cry.

## SOMEBODY ELSE.

### The Mysterious Soldier Whom Nobody Knows.

Every Corps has a mysterious Soldier—a strange, impalpable being, spoken of in the highest terms as capable of doing anything, continually recommended to the Commanding Officer, and yet never prescutable in the flesh!

The brothers and the sisters alike have the most perfect confidence in this mysterious Soldier, and are quite certain that when called for the desired appearance will at once result, but it never does!

The Commanding Officer had long had his eye on Johnny Earnest for Officership. Johnny was such a bright young fellow, fond of the Fight, and with no home ties which should keep him back; but when the suggestion came to him, he was found to be full of conviction that Somebody Else would worthily fill his place at the Training Home.

"It wasn't a bit of time with no one else to go," he explained to the Adjutant, and went home full of confidence that Somebody Else would knock at the Quarters next morning, but he never did!

Sister Cecilia won't play the piano at week-night meetings, Sister Thurst won't sing with the Songsters, Brother Thrifty won't knock at doors for Self-Denial, and Brother Placid won't take a Grace-Before-Meat box, Brother Studious won't lead the Bible Class, Sister Mercy won't take the converts' cases, all because each and all of them are convinced of the superior abilities, greater claim, and anxiety to serve of Somebody Else.

A man or woman, angel or devil, I wish I could meet that everlasting Somebody Else!" writes a much tried Officer. "I get Somebody Else thrown at me, no matter what I suggest or do. Somebody Else ruins my plans, stops the work, makes backsliders, spoils festivals, and beggars collections! When I die, put on my tombstone 'Killed by Somebody Else!'"—Local Officer.

the Soldiers—nay, for the hearers as well, who sit unsaved in the Barracks. I am not happy unless I feel that I have embraced every department of the War, and everyone engaged in it.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHY.

We have all learned of the wonderful wireless telegraphy, and have heard how ships and towns thousands of miles apart may communicate with one another. We are told that two extremely delicate instruments are used, and so by some very wonderful process a message is sent, and is carried to the other instrument on the waves of sound which comprise our atmosphere. But there is one needful condition—both the instruments must be in tune, or the message will be lost.

Prayer is like this. When we wish to speak to God, we have only to say our desires and He hears it. But the same condition is needful in this case as in the other. We must be "in tune," as it were, with God. If we are not the message will be lost, and we shall not enjoy the blessings we desire.

# THE GENERAL == A STUDY.

The Following Highly Interesting Character Study of The General  
Appeared in a Recent Issue of the London Daily News.

**W**HEN General Booth rises to receive you in his office in Queen Victoria Street, the first impression you have is of the alertness of the lithe, lean form in its frogged coat with the legend "Blood and Fire" blazon in red letters below the revered white beard. The second impression comes from the eye. Certain men live in the memory by the quality of the eye alone. That was so in the case of Gladstone. His eye obsessed you. It seemed to light on you like a living thing. It penetrated you like a sword and enveloped you like a flame. It was as though he seized you in his masterful embrace and swept you whither he would. You did not question—you obeyed. No man who ever fell under the compelling hypnotism of that imperial and imperious eye will ever forget it. General Booth, too, dwells in the memory by the eye. It does not dominate you as Gladstone's did; but it fascinates you by its concentration. It searches the thought behind your words. It seems, with its beady brilliancy, to be burrowing in the dark places of your mind. You feel that your secret, if you have one, is being unearthed. You are sapped and mined. Your defences are crumbling beneath that subtle assault. There is nothing for it but flight or surrender.

## A Great Mind.

You emerge from the interview with a new and revised version of The General. You went in to meet a saint and a visionary. You come out having met the astutest business man in the city. You feel that if the tradesman's son of Nottingham had applied himself to winning wealth instead of to winning souls, he would have been the Rockefeller of England. He would have engineered "corners" and "squeezes" without precedent. He would have made the world of finance tremble at his nod. When he passes by the Stock Exchange he must say: "There, but for the grace of God, goes William Booth."

His genius for affairs is visible in the vast fabric of his creation. The world has seen nothing like this movement, that in one brief reiteration has overspread the earth with a network of social and regenerative agencies. You may question its permanence, you may doubt its methods; but as an achievement, the achievement of one man, it is a miracle.

And when his movement began to emerge from Mile End Waste, amid the brickbats of the Whitechapel mob and the hideous caricature of the Skeleton Army, the same masterful spirit prevailed. He found his ideas hindered by the conference, and the conference vanished like a Duma at a wave of his hand.

It astonishes by its absolute independence of motive and origin. Loyola's Society of Jesus sprang organically out of the Roman Church; Wesley, to the end, regarded his movement as a movement within the Church. But The Salvation Army is unique. It has no relationship with any Church or any system. Like Topsy, "it grew." It is an empire within the Empire. It is a system without a dogma and without an intellectual interpretation. It is, in fact, a revival movement converted into an organism.

## Magnificent—and War.

It is magnificent and—it is war. There is the key to the mystery. It is still the custom in some quarters to ridicule the military aspects of The Army. It is inconceivable that the insignia and discipline of militarism can have any literal application to the spiritual realm. The thing is a travesty. We sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," but that is only a poetical simile, and the Christian army sits in comfortable pews outside the range of fire. General Booth conceived a literal warfare, his battle-ground the streets, his Army uniformed and disciplined, challenging the world with fierce war cries, its principle unquestioning obedience. It is necessary to remember this when we charge him with being a dictator, and his is an Army in the field. "They call me a Pope, sometimes," he says. "I reply it is the only way. Twenty people are banded together, and nineteen are for taking things easily, and if you leave them to themselves they will take the easy path. But if you say, 'Go; that's the path,' they will go. My people now want and wait to be commanded."

An emotion! You look in that astute eye, so keen, so matter-of-fact, so remote from the visionary gleam, and ask for the key of the riddle. And the truth dawns on you that there is a philosophy behind the emotion. When the artful politician sets out on an adventure he appeals to the emotion of patriotism, or to the emotion of hate of the foreigner and fear of the unknown. So, General Booth has a practical purpose behind the spiritual emotion. He is, in a word, a politician. He is a social reformer, working through the medium of spiritual exaltation. Wesley saw only the Celestial City, and he called on men to flee from the City of Destruction. General Booth points to the Celestial City, and he uses the power generated by the vision to drain the City of Destruction and make it habitable. He is as designedly political as any Socialist, for it is the redemption of Society in the

material as well as the spiritual sense, that is his aim. Change the laws by all means, he says to the politician, but I am working to change the heart. "We are tunnelling from opposite sides of the hill. Perhaps we shall meet in the middle."

## A Single Purpose.

He has the enthusiasm of humanity. He loves mankind in the mass after the fashion of the philanthropist. The average man is touched by the incidental and particular. His pity is casual and fleeting. His heart goes out at the moving tale; he feels for the sorrow he sees. But he is cold to misery in the mass, and generally shares the conviction of the Northern farmer, that "the poor in a loomp is bad." The philanthropist, on the other hand, is often cold to the particular, but he has that imaginative sympathy that bleeds for the misery of a world. His pity is not casual; it is a frame of mind. His eyes look out over wasted lands, his ears ring with lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong. He is not so much indifferent to the ordinary interests of life as unconscious of them. General Booth's detachment from the world is as complete as if he were an ascetic of the desert. He has a single purpose. "The one prudence in life," says Emerson, "is concentration; the one evil, dissipation." General Booth has the concentration of the fanatic—the fanatic governed by the business mind. He carries no impedimenta. Politics are a closed book to him, the quarrels of creeds are unheard; literature unknown; his knowledge of golf is confined to a suspicion that there is such a game.

## A Familiar World Figure.

Yet he is the most familiar figure in all the world. He has travelled farther, and spoken to more diverse peoples than any man in any time—to Hindoos by the sacred Ganges, to Japanese by the sacred mountain, in Germany often, in America and Australia and New Zealand. He flashes from the Land's End to John o' Groat's in a motor car, whips across to Berlin, is heard of in South Africa. Yet all the time he seems to be in the bare room in Queen Victoria Street, talking eagerly as he walks about, and stopping at intervals to take you by the lapel of the coat to emphasise a point. All this activity bespeaks the ascetic. "Any amount of work can be performed by careful feeders," says Meredith; "it is the stomach that kills the Englishman." General Booth is careful of his stomach. He lives the life of a Spartan. His income has never exceeded that of a head clerk, for it is wholly derived from a fund of £5,000 invested for him years ago by an admirer—a fund which returns to the benefactor after The General's death. From The Army he draws nothing beyond travelling expenses.

His indifference to the judgments of the world has in it a touch of genius. It is not easy to be vulgar. Religion, like society, suffers from the creeping paralysis of respectability. His task was to reclaim the abyss, where the methods of organised Christianity were futile. "My work is to make war on the hosts that keep the underworld submerged, and you cannot have war without noise. We'll go on singing and marching with drums beating and cornets playing all the time."

## A Great Creed.

Intellectualism has no place in his life. Theology he leaves to the schools and the churches, and "Modernism" is a word that has no meaning for him. Metaphysics are not a path to the masses and his answer to the "New Theology" would be "Hallelujah." His creed is like Holmes's. "I have a creed," said Holmes. "It is summed up in the two first words of the Paternoster. And when I say them I mean them." So with The General. "The religion of The Army is summed up in the two great Commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" He applies no other formula. The dogmas will take care of themselves. "A man tells us that he is a Catholic. We ask, 'Are you a good Catholic? Are you true to the principles of your faith?' And so with the Protestant." His banner is as broad as the heavens.

He has the unconquerable cheerfulness of the man who lives for a cause and has no anchorage in things or possessions. "My wife is in Heaven and I have no home, merely a place where I keep some furniture," he says; but no man I ever met is less weary. He has the dauntless spirit of youth. "How old do they say I am? Seventy-nine? What nonsense. I am not old. I am seventy-nine years young. I have heaps of time yet to go around fishing—fishing for souls in the same old way, with the same old net." He is like an idea, an enthusiasm, that lives on, independent of the flesh. The flame of the spirit flares higher as the candle gutters to the end. He will go out with a burst of "Hallelujahs" and a roll of drums.

A. G. G.

## PIONEERS FOR KOREA.

Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard Appointed to the Far East—The Colonel's Words at the Staff Councils.

The interesting news is to hand that The General has appointed Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard to pioneer and take charge of The Army's Work in Korea. They will sail for the Far East in August (D.V.) taking a small party of Officers with them. At a recent Staff Council held at Clapton, Colonel Hoggard was called on to speak. The English "War Cry" thus reports him:—

"Colonel Hoggard, the burly, round, honest-faced Yorkshireman, was staggered for a moment by the position he occupied. He was evidently thinking of the past. 'Who am I to stand here, and who was the mother that bore me, to receive this honour!' His voice choked with emotion, the tears welled up in his eyes, and his head hung on his chest. Then his will asserted its command and subdued his emotion, and he spoke, and spoke just like the 'Boh Hoggard' of his old Field days:—

'Beloved General, I is twenty-seven years since you singled me out as a boy, and asked me when I would be ready to enter the work. I replied, 'General, as soon as you are ready to receive me.' 'Very well, then,' you said, 'come to-night' to which I answered, 'Thank you, sir' and started off next morning at eight o'clock to open a Corps in Lincolnshire.

'For twenty-seven years I have been trying to hold up the Colours; but I never thought it would be my lot to go outside this country. Indeed, I told the Chief the other day that I had been kept so long as a compensating balance that I had come to the conclusion I had to remain here to keep the country straight! (Great laughter.)

'What I have listened to during the past days will be an inspiration to me all the way through. Every sentence The General has given utterance to, will, I have felt, be suitable for me in that new country whither I am bound. And dear General, you can rely upon Mrs. Hoggard and myself! We will do our duty, and we will keep faithful to the Colours. I have taken for my motto in the Far East:—

My every sacred moment spend,  
In publishing the sinner's Friend."

## MANY HOMES BRIGHTENED.

All Speak Well of Departing Officers.

"After a most successful stay of fourteen months at Halifax I, we reluctantly say farewell to Adjutant and Mrs. Hudson. The Adjutant's Bible readings were always a source of great blessing and we were led to a higher standard of spiritual life. Many accounts of Adjutant and Mrs. Hudson's War Cry selling experiences come to our ears. Many homes saddened by loss and grief were visited; many half-hearted, professing, lukewarm Christians were helped to higher ground, and all this bears testimony to their good work. Our prayers go with them to their new appointment.

All day Sunday deep spirituality was felt in the meetings.

On Monday night Brigadier Moore then conducted a united farewell meeting. The Officers and Locals from the different Corps in the city spoke of the blessing Adjutant and Mrs. Hudson have been to them during their stay in Halifax.—D. V.

## The Ottawa Rescue Home.

The Great Need of Rescue Work—Dealing with Casuals—Conquering by Kindness.

IN a charming part of the residential outskirts of the City of Ottawa, stands The Army's Rescue and Maternity Hospital. The site is a happy choice, commanding a prominent corner and within easy reach of electric car service connecting with all parts of the city. The building itself has been undergoing considerable transformation, which, when completed, will certainly present a pleasing and substantial appearance. The property was originally two houses, which have been united into one, partitions being removed, enlarging some rooms and adding increased accommodation generally. There is nothing patchy about the amalgamation, from an outside view. The fine portico and balcony to which the front steps introduce the visitor, is overlooked by the spacious

associates count amongst the Army's most valuable friends, both by co-operation and practical assistance. A number of cases have been handed over to The Army's care through the Court, and the success in dealing with them has certainly justified the procedure. The authorities have testified, more than once, their satisfaction in finding that The Army is willing and ready to receive any fit cases night or day! The patrol wagon has, therefore, made many a trip to The Army Home, bringing some poor derelict, for whom the sisterly care of those who know how to discern an immortal soul within miserable trappings of fallen womanhood, was more desirable than the bare walls of a stone cell and solitary confinement.

As the clock struck eleven one night a poor drink-soaked, ragged and dirty creature presented herself. "Could

"Why don't you tell the truth, straight away?" the would-be receiver is asked. "It would answer better in the long run. You belong to Ottawa—are in service here, and have stayed out so long after respectable hours that you dare not return to your situation. Come now, isn't that it?"

Shamefaced, the girl acknowledges the truth. Is dealt with straight, put in a safe place for the night, and allowed to return to her mistress and beg forgiveness early next morning.

These, however, are but casual, and by no means represent the usual clientele of The Home.

A large number of fair-faced country girls are received from the farms in outlying districts round about Ottawa. They have been easily victimized through insincere flatteries, their own ignorance abetting the fall. The saddest feature in such cases is that many such were adopted into families in tender years, but not knowing parental care, have met their ruin while in the very home where protection and guardianship had been promised them. When marriage is desirable it is arranged, but the possibility of this is, alas! the exception and not the rule. Most pitiable indeed is the position of such young mothers; few of them over eighteen years of age. Embittered by cruel deception they stand upon a precipice of wanton recklessness and abandonment, if not rescued and saved in time.

The anger of their spite against society may find many vents, not the least dangerous being the constant menace to other souls. Both honor and purity having been swept away, there are few limits to which a strong, passionate character may not go, dragging with her many a weaker fellow-being. For this reason are we not justified in viewing this class of work as truly preventative as it is reformatory in character?

Many others are led astray under promise of marriage, promises which they find out too late, have been wholly insincere.

The first method by which the woman of God will attempt the rescue of such a soul, must be by winning her confidence. It will not be easy, probably. Once faith in human nature has received so rude a shock, it is not easy to rebuild it. But the Matron will try again and again until she succeeds. She must break up despair at all costs. She must infuse hope, and establish the fact beyond everything else that the fall should be not so much a fall as a halt and a new starting place,—the first step to a higher, nobler, purer life.

In speaking of the effect of such a talk with the Matron, this is how one girl described it to her friend:

"I left that Home," she said, "strong. I felt I could face my difficulties and fight them through, although when I went there, I had lost hope and saw nothing left for me in this world."

"It was the personal interest of the Officers in me," wrote another girl to her mistress, "that made all the difference. They took both time and pains to help me face life over again, and it gave me hope and courage."

A valuable testimony to the effectiveness of the methods in vogue at our Rescue Homes comes from an entirely different source. A Catholic medical student was brought in touch from the professional standpoint.

"I have received more light on real practical Christianity," said he, "in the Rescue Hospital of The Salvation Army."

(Continued on page 15.)



Captain and Mrs. Johnstone and Lieutenant Wright—Recently Appointed to the Klondike.

office of the matron, with its beautiful plate glass window, and gives a stately appearance to the frontage.

In such a city as Ottawa, with the august presence of the Imperial Government, the magnificent and imposing piles of architectural grandeur, the wide avenues and boulevards, the generous park and open space of greenward, leafy walk, and flowing river, one may well be excused for inquiring, "Can it be possible that Rescue work is needful in such surroundings?" Slums, courts, alleys, and crowded tenements suggest an environment favourable to the contagion of vice, but, judging by the exterior, Ottawa would appear peculiarly exempt from these hotbeds of iniquity. Such appearances, however, are subtle and misleading. The need for Rescue work in the Capital City is only too patent to those who look beneath the surface. The Police Court reveals it, and the Chief of the Police and his

she be taken in?" The Matron looked at her searchingly, and, believing it was merely a case of night accommodation, declared The Home was not intended for that purpose.

"Why," said she, "you have a bottle of drink hid away in your possession even now! If you will give it up, and want to be a good woman, you shall come in, and we'll help you."

The drink slave turned sadly away, and, stealing around the corner, poured the whole contents of the bottle down her throat, and fell upon the doorstep!

At three a.m. the door bell rings again. The vigilant watcher for souls is alert in a moment, and is confronted by a young woman with a plausible tale of having reached the city at a late hour, by train and, not knowing where to go. But Rescue Officers are not so easily fooled. Alas! their acquaintance with the tricks and guises of sin are too frequent,



# The World and Its Ways.



"A Really Great Postmaster-General"—Mr. Sydney Buxton.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, who has been described as "a really great Postmaster-General," has announced in the House of Commons that from October next, the rate of postage to the United States will be lowered from 2½d. to 1d. per ounce, which may result in a loss to the British exchequer of about £130,000 per year, but, on the other hand, may be recouped by the growth of correspondence. In the year 1897 this country received from America 11,000,000 letters; last year the figures had risen to 20,000,000. Mr. Buxton, who was born in 1853, and has sat in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century, belongs to the well-known Essex family, of which Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., is head. His first wife, who died in 1892, was a daughter of Lord Avebury.

## Cornwall Canal Break.

A big disaster has occurred at Cornwall, Ont. At 4.45 a.m., on the morning of the 23rd of June just after the steamship "Samuel Marshall" had passed up, lockman Gleason noticed the water in the river disturbed, and investigation revealed a two-foot stream pouring through the bank at the bridge. The lockman took immediate action to save the bank by bawling the water shut off above and run out below, but the leak grew rapidly and in a short time the bank gave way from the top to the bottom, the heavy stone riprap being swept out into the river. The pier and bridge fell at 6.10 a.m., the fall being witnessed by the lockman and others who had hurried to the scene. At 7 a.m., the level was almost dry. It will probably take several weeks to repair the canal bank and restore navigation.

## Grover Cleveland Dead.

On the morning of June 24th, Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, died at his home in Princeton, N. J., at the age of seventy-one. He began his career as a lawyer in Buffalo in 1859. At the age of twenty-four he was District Attorney of the County. Later on, he became Mayor of Buffalo. As a statesman he will be remembered as a man who stopped things. He checked abuses; he prevented bad men from accomplishing their schemes; he warned off impending calamity. He reduced revenues and saved taxes; he stayed the ebbling tide of public credit; he throttled anarchy.

He was a modest, industrious public servant, who lived closely to the motto, "A public office is a public trust."

## A Mile of Rhododendrons.

The "Woman's Journal" says that Mrs. Russell Sage has presented Central Park in New York, with a rhododendron plantation. It will be a mile long strip of beauty, bordering one of the popular park drives. The park authorities say it will make the most

beautiful exhibit of rhododendrons in the United States, if not in the world. It will require nearly 75,000 of the shrubs, and will cost about \$60,000.

## Teaching Right Ideas.

At the International Sunday School convention recently held in Louisville, Kentucky, one of the speakers was Booker T. Washington. He said in part:—

"It may not be generally known that every branch of the Southern Church is assisting in the religious development of the negro. The whole future of the relations of the two races in the South hinges largely upon our being able to inculcate into the young minds of black children and white children, proper ideas of justice and a spirit of toleration and friendship between race and race. If we fail to teach these lessons in the Sunday School, in that degree the future relations between the two races becomes a matter of speculation and danger."

## Another Spanish Prince.

Queen Victoria, of Spain has given birth to her second son, and there is great rejoicing amongst the Spaniards. King Alfonso was radiant with joy when he announced to the few persons waiting in the adjoining room. Several members of the royal family arrived half an hour after the birth, and they hastened to congratulate the King on the advent of a prince, who doubly secures the succession of the throne.

King Alfonso, on learning that a condemned criminal was to be executed in the morning, immediately signed a pardon in commemoration of the birth of the prince and telegraphed to the warden of the prison ordering him to stop the execution.

## A Brave Workman.

A big fire broke out recently at a celluloid factory in Ottokring, an outlying district of Vienna. Of the fifty-five persons employed, seventeen perished, and twenty-one were severely burned. The firemen, both voluntary and municipal, behaved admirably, saving several lives at the cost of dangerous burns; but their pluck was eclipsed by the simple heroism of an old factory hand, whose deeds deserve permanent record. At the moment of the explosion he saved himself and several of his fellows, by leading them in a dash through the flaming courtyard. Though severely scorched, he returned with the first gang of firemen into the courtyard and showed them a cellar where several hundredweight of braves were deposited, and helped them to flood it. The explosion of this would have wrecked the immediate neighbourhood. No sooner was this danger averted than he dashed once more through the flames to the engine room at the back of the factory, opened the valves, and prevented a boiler explosion. When reporters asked for his name he shook his head saying, "You don't need that. If I had not done it somebody else would have done it."

## Checking Indian Anarchy.

The Legislative Council at Simla has passed strict measures dealing with explosives and press offences. In his address to the Council, Lord Minto said that all India had been shocked by

the cruel crimes that had been committed and expressions of abhorrence had reached him from public meetings and associations, and from Indian gentlemen throughout the country. He pointed out that what the Government have to consider is the nature of these crimes, and the influence which originated them, and the means for protecting the population against the perpetration of similar outrages. "We all know," he continued, "that the lines of Indian thought are changing, that embryonic national aspirations are beginning to take shape, and it will be a bad day for the British Raj and a bad day for the people of this country if we ever allow the belief to spread that doctrines of murderous anarchy are even indirectly associated with the growth of those ambitions which British education has done so much to encourage. He furthermore stated his opinion that India was not ripe for complete freedom of the Press, concluding his speech by calling on the people

of India to join with him in the support of law and order, and to join in one common effort to eradicate cowardly conspiracy.

## An Unpopular Measure.

The Old-Age Pension Bill does not grow in popularity as its provisions become known. It seems to many that the Bill discourages both workmen and employers alike. A large section of the working classes do, at present, make provision for old age; and a large section of employers give substantial sums towards the maintenance of their old and worn-out servants.

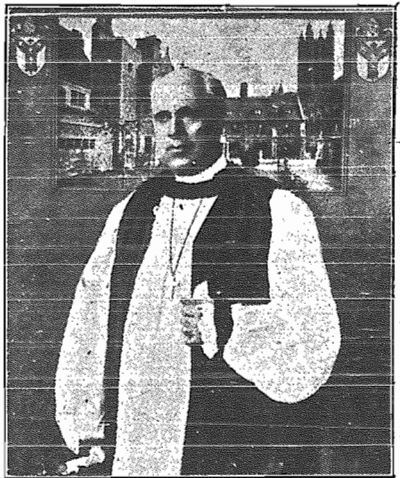
If employers are taxed to find old age pensions for everybody, they will not be likely to tax themselves a second time to provide for their own servants. On the other hand, if all workers are to have a right to a pension when they reach a certain age, only on condition that they have made no provision for themselves, they are hardly likely to be thrifty. It is probable that several amendments will be made to the Bill, both as regards the age limit and the amount of pension.

## Forest Fires in Michigan.

Immense fires have swept over the forests of Northern Michigan, and at least three villages have been destroyed, rendering hundreds of people homeless. The damage is estimated at \$200,000. High winds have fanned the flames to gigantic proportions. On June 20th, the villages of Cassin, Logrande, and Kentucky, were wiped out. A special train conveyed the homeless villagers to Onaway. At Tower, millmen have been fighting the fire surrounding the town for two days. The fire extends a distance of twenty miles, and unless rain comes, the losses will be tremendous.

## New Treaty with Tibet.

The protracted negotiations at Calcutta, between representatives of the British, the Chinese and the Tibetan Governments for a new treaty in respect to trade relations with Tibet, have now been brought to a conclusion. According to the regulations agreed upon, there are to be "no vexatious delays" in the issue of building permits at the trade marts. The trade agents and frontier officers of the respective Governments "shall be of suitable rank, and shall hold personal intercourse and correspondence with one another on terms of mutual



The Primate Of All England—the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Pan-Anglican Congress, which is meeting in London, brings into prominence the Most Rev. and Right Hon. Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who is just sixty this year. He began his career as curate of Dartford, in 1874. He was successively Bishop of Rochester and of Winchester, and 94th Archbishop of Canterbury. The background shows his residence at Canterbury.

respect and friendly treatment."

The matters of disputes at marts, and the treatment of British subjects charged with crime were also settled.

The sixth regulation provides for the taking over by China, after the withdrawal of British troops, of the eleven rest-houses built by Great Britain upon the routes leading from the Indian frontier to Gyantse, and their lease to the Government of India at a fair rent.

The Chinese Government is pledged to arrange effective police measures at the marts and along the routes thereto. On the due fulfilment of these arrangements Great Britain undertakes to station no troops in Tibet, and to give corresponding advantages to Tibetan subjects, trading, travelling, or residing in India.

## Anti-Duelling Congress.

The European nations seem to be waking up to the absurdity of duelling as a means of settling personal quarrels. At Buda Pesth recently, an International Congress was held to protest against this practice. Don Alfonso de Bourbon is the originator of the movement, and we are pleased to note that it is making rapid progress on the Continent. Delegates from Germany, France, Italy, Spain and Austria, were present, also the Hungarian Minister of Justice. The proceedings revealed the rapid spread of the movement, and justified the hope that the false conception of personal honour, from which the practice of duelling proceeds, will shortly be eradicated in civilized communities. As an instance of the foolishness of duelling, and the hold it still has on the popular mind we note the following:—

"The only way the reporters in the Italian Parliament could appease their feelings, which had been wounded by one of the deputies, was to send one of their number to fight a duel with the offender. The two men fought for an hour, and then postponed the fight owing to a heart weakness of the newspaper man."

Let us hope that this ridiculous practice will soon be abolished and some better way found of settling disputes than by trying to injure each other by sword or pistol.

They cannot see, the Father's face who cannot bend to serve the least of His children.

People die and go to hell, to some extent, because nobody will be at the trouble and expense to save them. A

## Chief Secretary's Notes

The seven Canadian Officers who have been taking part in the Staff Lodge Session in London, England, will soon be back again in the Land of the Maple. Some of them are already on the ocean, and others will be in the course of a few days.

These comrades were present at the British Staff Councils recently held by the dear old General, at Clapton, at which some seven hundred Staff Officers were present for three days' sessions. They have also spent a Sunday with Commissioner Hay and the Training Home Cadets, at Islington.

A visit to our Farm Colony at Hadleigh, a day with the Chief of the Staff at his Young People's Meetings at Regent Hall and also with him at the Handsmen's Sunday at Clapton, were included in their crowded programme of one month in London.

The value of the opportunities thus offered of association with comrades from other lands, and of coming in touch with the International Leaders of The Army, cannot be over estimated, and is sure to leave a lasting mark upon the hearts and lives of our Canadian Staff who have been privileged to be present.

Lieutenant-Colonel Howell will be paying a visit to England during the present month, in connection with the Department for which he is especially responsible, namely, Immigration and Transportation, in order to confer with Colonel Lamb and other leading Officers there regarding the plans and requirements for next season.

Brigadier Taylor, the Principal of our Toronto Training College, is also going to London for a few weeks in order to study the latest developments of the International Training System at Clapton. We expect the Brigadier back again in Toronto in good time for the opening of our next Session here in September.

Major and Mrs. Creighton, whose appointment as Territorial Y. P. Secretaries was announced in this column recently, have now farewelled from Winnipeg, and will soon be on their way to England for some months' study of the Young People's Work there, previous to taking up their new duties.

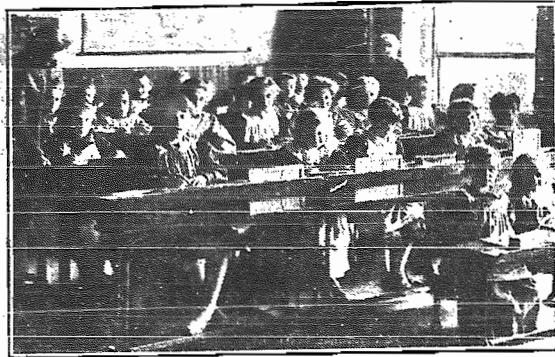
Colonel Wright and Lieut.-Col. Hiffe, from the Old Land have been welcome guests in Toronto this week. Each of them came in charge of a party of Immigrants, and while here, were able to be present at the Commissioner's meetings at Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings.

God is still honouring our efforts at Seal Cove, F. B., by giving us souls. Sunday all day was a time of many blessings and victory to us; the meetings were led by two of our Sisters, as we have no Officer with us at present, and the night's meeting was led by Ensign Rideout, who is home here for a few weeks' furlough.

Her words were very impressive, and were driven home to the sinners' hearts as arrows of conviction and the result was that two more souls came to Jesus and got saved. We are having some of the best times that Seal Cove has ever known.—T. E. L.

## Canadians at Clapton.

LETTER NO. II.—OLD CANADIAN COMRADES ARE MET—DAYS WITH THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF PROVE TO BE RED-LETTER EVENTS—OLD LONDON IS ALL RIGHT!



The Schoolroom at the "Nest."

OUR correspondent did not exhaust his stock of news last week, Mr. Editor, in sending you that first budget. The trouble seems to be "However can I put on record all the interesting events that fill up our lives here at the Staff Lodge?" No reply being forthcoming, my only recourse is to pick out a little here and there, and let the rest go unrecorded.

The Official Photographer of the Canadian section—Staff-Captain Hay—took us in a group on the steps of the Lodge, and the photo has already been forwarded. Colonel Jacobs, an old and familiar friend, happened to be on hand, giving us a lecture on the "City Colony," his special care just now, so we invited him to occupy the post of honour, which he gratefully accepted.

We have spent an afternoon at the Training Home, at Clapton, and carefully studied the system in operation. It is truly a wonderful institution. Its regulations making for the happiness and blessing of the nearly five-hundred Cadets in Session.

At present our Staff lessons have been cancelled for two days, and we are taking great delight in listening to the dear General at the Staff Councils, in the Congress Hall. On Saturday morning we resume our regular duties.

The first Session is just over. Six hundred Staff Officers are in attendance.

We were glad to shake hands and exchange pleasant memories with Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, Colonel and Mrs. Kyle, Brigadiers and Mrs. Southall and Bennett, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Acum,

Major Baugh, Major Plant, Staff-Captain Steele, and several others. The American and Canadian delegates to the Staff Lodge were heartily welcomed by The General and the British Officers present. The General looks as well as ever, and spoke with great power and liberty. What a marvel of endurance and spiritual enthusiasm he is. One cannot realise that he is in his eightieth year! God bless The General!

The Chief of the Staff has been to see us and talk to us twice already. Needless to say, they are in our memories as "red-letter events."

The sad news of the death of Staff-Captain Symons came as a great shock to many, and fervent were the prayers that rose from our hearts for the widow and children. We sent Mrs. Symons a letter expressing our sympathy and love.

Staff-Captain Tuley, of India, has just arrived at the Lodge. The Staff-Captain has just passed through a very painful experience. He was stricken down with fever, and his devoted wife nursed him through his illness for four months. Just as he was recovering, she fell a victim to small pox and died in four days.

We are to have Major (Doctor) Turner in the Lodge for the next three weeks. He also is from India.

We are at Islington next Sunday with Commissioner Hay, and expect a rousing time. The following Sunday we are specialising in two detachments.

The weather has kept splendid, although at times a little too hot. To those who imagine London as a murky, foggy, damp, dirty spot, let me just say that they would be distinctly unde-

ceived just now. Perhaps Clapton is especially favoured, for we are surrounded by parks and green fields, almost as pretty as some of our own Canadian scenery!

The Canadian delegates, one and all, send salvation love across the water to all their comrades.—G. A.

## The War in Alaska.

How a District Officer Spends His Days.

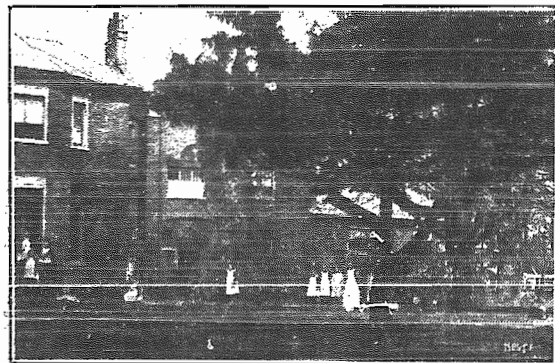
We have had the pleasure at Wrangell, Alaska, of having Major and Mrs. Morris with us for three days. The Major dedicated the twin children of Adjutant and Mrs. Smith, Alice Lillian and Stuart Reid. The People were delighted with the meeting in the Red Man's Hall. Three Soldiers were enrolled.

The following day, after our Provincial Officers left, the writer went for a trip to Kake. A gasoline boat came over from that town, and I got a chance to get there. We had a fine trip, the weather was ideal and we travelled all night, for at that time of the year there is very little night in Alaska. We saw two deer and two bears as we sped through Rocky Pass. We arrived in Kake at 2 p.m., and spent a busy time there. There were two weddings, thirteen dedications, twelve Soldiers enrolled, and seven at the mercy seat. I also sent Decoration Day at Kake. We have a Brass Band of thirteen pieces, and more are to be added this Fall. The Kake Sergeant-Major and his sixty-nine Soldiers are marching forward. They had a wonderful Revival there last Winter. Mr. Mills was kindhearted itself in allowing me to sleep and eat under his hospitable roof, and just as I got through at Kake, Mr. Hollenbeck and Mr. Ennis came along with their gasoline boat and took me home.

On arriving home, I found sorrow in our Wrangell Corps, as one of our oldest Soldiers had been suddenly called away, in the person of Sergeant Charlie Starr. He was out in camp and died there. Some of our Sarman comrades brought his body home in a gasoline boat, and he was buried a few hours before I reached home. He leaves a widow and three children. May God bless and comfort the little ones and their dear mother.

On the 14th I left for Petersburg, for a visit to Sergeant-Major Worthington and his Soldiers and friends. I got there in time for meeting Sunday night, and had a good meeting with one soul at the mercy seat. On Monday I enrolled two Soldiers and commissioned three Sergeants. We also had a good open-air meeting. The people will soon be coming to Petersburg for the salmon fishing. I was sorry to find Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Worthington's children sick with measles, but they were over the worst. We had another convert on Monday night. Praise God! We had a wedding in Wrangell, two of our native comrades joined hands and hearts for life, and so goes the War in Alaska.—Robert Smith, D. O.

Since writing our last report from Pitkey's Island, God has been blessing us abundantly. Lieut.-Colonel Rees paid us a visit a little while ago and gave us a meeting and spoke from the 91st Psalm, which was an inspiration to many hearts. We are looking forward to another visit in the near future. Our Self-Denial Effort has been a success. Praise God for victory in reaching our target.



At the "Nest"—Springfield.

## A Warrior's Death-Bed.

## "THE IRON DID SWIM."

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

Closing Scenes in the Life of Staff-Captain Symons.

From the English papers we cull a few more interesting and pathetic reminiscences of our lately promoted comrade, Staff-Captain Symons.

The manner of the accident which led to his death is already known to our readers. He was carried on board the ship and carefully tended, but it soon became manifest that he was dying.

The War Cry says:—"To Colonel Addie fell the mournful duty of informing the Staff-Captain that his race was run. At first he could not believe that he was so seriously hurt, and suggested that at the worst he could lose his limb. But when, at last, he recognised that the end was drawing nigh, he smiled with beautiful resignation, and, looking into Colonel Addie's eyes, said, 'Ah, well, it must be so. Say good-bye to my darling wife and children. Tell my wife that this all harmonises with God's plan for us.'"

Then he spoke of his work—the work he loved so well, and in which he had been engaged all his life. "They have always told me at Headquarters that my prospects were bright for the future," he said, "and when it comes to sacrifice and devotion, I have always endeavoured not to play second to any man."

Showing his colours.

He suffered much, and when the pain seemed more than he could bear, his face would light up with an exquisite smile, as he said, "But I must be brave! This is nothing compared to my Lord's sufferings for me. I must show my colours."

He was afraid Colonel and Mrs. Addie and the Adjutant would do too much for him. "But," said the Colonel, "We are only doing for you what you would do for us, were we in your place!" At this he smiled again and said, "Ah, yes, I would."

The thought of his loved work constantly recurred to him. Once Colonel Addie asked him to what he referred as he spoke half unconsciously. "Oh!" he said, "I was thinking about that poor fellow in our emigrant party, who lost his money going out, and I wanted to help him find it, and to get all particulars about it."

"Kiss the children for me," he said at last. Tell Emily (his wife) not to fret. Ask Commissioner Howard to preach my funeral sermon." Then he stopped a moment, and finally concluded, "And ask the Staff Band to play."

When Commissioner Howard was informed of the Staff-Captain's death, he acted as if the news had been about one of his flesh and blood. He sat down and wept—a striking testimony to the place our comrade occupied in the heart of Headquarters.

"His Will Be Done."

The "Bandmaster and Songster" contains the following pathetic little story:—

While packing his portmanteau the night before his embarkation, the heart of his brave little partner in the War somewhat gave way. She has an ivy-like, clinging disposition. "Can't you go, Willie?" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes. "I love you too much."

"Perhaps you do, my dear," the Staff-Captain feelingly and humorously answered. "But if you really can't, why, I'll telegraph to Headquarters that I can't be spared, and—"

The next sentence was unfinished. Mrs. Symons retired to the next room, fell upon her knees, and in a few minutes returned, saying, "It is all right, Will; it was too selfish of me to stand in the way of your education, and your meeting once more your dear parents. Go, and God be with you. His will be done!"—a spirit of resignation that was soon to be tested by the most marvelous blow that can fall upon a woman's heart.

The Farewell From London.

The Band lads saw their Staff-Captain Bandmaster off at Euston. They chatted, laughed, and indulged in the

(Continued from last week.)

2. The assurance of forgiveness to a guilty soul is also another of the miracles of Grace. Consider for a moment what it means. To begin with, the convicted sinner is full of sin. He sees it; he feels its guilt. Conscience, which has been asleep, perhaps for years, is now awake again; memory goes to her help, ransacks every dark corner of the past, and long-forgotten wickednesses start out of the silence and haunt the already apprehensive soul; the combined wrongs done against God and man—the sum total of neglect, of selfishness, of unbelief, of cruelty, the sins of a lifetime—stare him in the face, and attack and rend his soul. Whichever way he looks, he recognises that the greatest thing in all his life is his sin.

All this deeply affects the outer as well as the inner life of the convicted sinner, but there is no possibility of any outward communication to comfort him. He can hear no voice; he cannot feel the touch of any hand; he cannot see with the outer eyes any vision of a pardoning Judge. All his life, it may be, he has been accustomed only to live by sight and sense, and now no sight or sense can guide or help him. Some of the wrongs he has done have been wrought against his fellows; he has sinned in the affairs of everyday life; and, worse still, has caused others to sin; and now remorse lays hold of him by the heart-strings when he dares to hope that he can ever know their forgiveness.

But, in the midst of this flood of misery, further darkened as it is by gloomy anticipation of having to meet an angry Maker, behold! without the aid of any material or man-made help, and without even the hope of any human comfort, by simple faith, all is changed, and from the depths of despair the sinner leaps at one bound into the glorious assurance of pardon.

Now, I know of no natural law which can for one moment account for such a change. Natural law says that what a man soweth he must reap; that as the tree grows, so it will—nay, must—continue to grow. But here all is changed in one instant! Conscience is appeased—the chains, the cruel chains, the devil's chains, fall off; the dungeon, once so dark, streams with light; the whole being is manifestly transformed, and sorrow makes way for a lifetime of joy.

Now, I say that this can only be the work of God. No merely human effort or skill, or influence could approach anywhere near to such a triumph over all that is natural and provable. The iron swims.

3. The change of nature or character, which we undoubtedly see in some of the Lord's people, is also a true miracle. Here is one of the permanent wonders of God's dealings with men. Take, as an example, a drunken woman, the slave of drink and vice, and compare not merely her conduct, but her whole nature, before and after her conversion. A little slum orphan, asked, the other day, whether she remembered her mother, promptly replied, Yes, the big, fat woman what beat me! Think what a whole wilderness of human woe such a statement revealed, and think what thousands of such women we have seen changed from their squalid vice and cruelty into women of God, ruled by love, not only to their own flesh and blood, but to Him, and to those around them who had no claims of relationship upon them.

Or take an impure man, such a one as abounds in the great cities, steeped in filth, talking the talk of the sewers, and spreading everywhere, among men and women alike, a kind of moral pestilence. His thoughts and words, as well as his deeds, are infected with uncleanness, and the very fountains of his nature are tainted beyond recovery, so far as human help can go. But we have seen many such not only made correct in outward acts, but changed in tastes, in desire, in preference—that is, in their very nature—and transformed so that they loved and sought after what they formerly hated, and hated and shunned what they once loved. They are washed, they are sanctified, they are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

Now, this is all in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of the moral world. Under those laws, badness tends to worse badness, falsehood to deeper falsehood; passion inclines to baser passion; impurity to greater impurity. All character tends to become permanent; bad natures become fixed in bad tendencies, in bad tendencies, in bad preferences, in bad choices; and bad men grow more and more powerless to change themselves.

When, therefore, we see those who

have from their youth up, been accustomed to do and be evil, changed to do and love what is good; when we see the unfaithful mother loving her children; and the impure man cleansed from his impurity and from the love of what is impure; and the selfish and self-seeking man forgetting himself and loving others first, we are compelled to exclaim, 'This is a miracle—this is none other than the work of the Divine Spirit. Lo! God is here.'

To us, who witness these and other similar manifestations of the power of God, what a call they are to trust in Him! I have often heard dear saints wishing that they had lived in the time of Moses, or Joshua, or David, that they might have seen the arm of the Lord made bare in some of the mighty works He wrought by those men, and have been enabled to trust in Him. And yet, all the time, before their very eyes, were wonders, if anything, greater than any that He performed in the days of old. Comrades, do not let us make the mistake of looking for Jesus in the empty sepulchre, and missing Him in the common earth-marked garb of the gardener. These moral miracles are, in reality, far grander than any which have happened in the world of nature. To convert a sinner from the error of his way, is a higher wonder than to bring down fire from heaven; to loose the slave of lust from his bondage is a greater triumph than to change water into wine; to save the three thousand in one day at Pentecost was a miracle of far higher moment in every way, than to slay all the first-born of Egypt, or to lay low the host of Sennacherib in one awful night.

The same thought and power which, when working in wood and stone, produce a work of value, will produce what is of far greater worth and more lasting value if working in gold or precious stones. The power of God is always the same power; but when that power is shown forth in the spiritual and moral nature of man, the wonders achieved are far grander and more enduring than when He works among the passing forms of nature, even though they be suns and seas and skies, or when the issue be life or death itself.

Stand in awe, then, when God works—especially when His work is seen in the deathless fabric of a soul. Take your shoes from your feet in His presence. Believe, and rejoice, and worship Him when you hear the sinner cry for mercy or see the slave of evil made free, for that is God making Himself visible in your very midst.

Flushed in anticipation of a glad reunion; others again, like myself, equally as sure that we had left the dearest and best in the Old Land. Yes, I repeated once more, 'God be with you till we meet again.'

Before land was sighted on a previous night, Staff-Captain Symons conducted service on board. As the waves ran high and the power of the ocean bespoke to every heart the majesty of its Ruler, though I am not a Salvationist, yet, in the light of after events, I am glad that, in response to the appeal of the dear departed, 'Shall we pray?' I bared and bowed my head as that servant of Jesus poured out, on our behalf, our silent gratitude.

The Source of Goodness.

I cannot close this poor appreciation of a good and God-like man, without a few sentences, as beautifully expressed, example given by the late Staff-Captain on board, in regard to the love of God. He said, 'In a nobleman's domain at Kensington, there was a vineyard, and therein was a vine which yielded year after year, an infinitely superior fruit to that produced' (Continued on page 15.)

usual pleasantries. The Bandmaster was elated, and led the playing of one of two of his favourites. Symons once suggested "God be with you till we meet again."

"No, not that one tonight, please," the now glad-hearted wife interjected, "Play, 'Abide with me.'" The Staff-Captain jumped into the train, his associates struck up the strains of the immortal song, the wife brushed away her tears, waved her parting salutes, and the Staff-Captain cried, "I'll soon be back. Be good! Stick to it, and—"

And that was the last service Staff-Captain Symons rendered The Army, that was as dear to him as life itself, in the London he loved.

All went well. Letters came and went. Last Monday Mrs. Symons attended the wedding of Commissioner and Mrs. Nicol's daughter Maggie, and she said, "Willie will be here by next Sunday, and I am just counting the minutes when I will see him."

And the little boy, four years of age—the elder of the two children, that will grow up, we hope and pray, to honour their father's name in the same glorious service—said, "Daddy bringing me from America, a motor

just as big as that,"—and he stretched his chubby hands apart.

But Daida has gone to Heaven.

A memorial service was conducted by Commissioner Howard at Regent Hall, on June 15th.

A Fellow-Traveller's Appreciation.

Writing from Brandon, Walter McDavison says:—

"I came out on the 'Lake Manitoba' last month. My impressions of the splendid young man whom God has called, were so vivid that I felt compelled to send them to you."

"God be with you till we meet again!" Those haunting words were still fresh in my memory as, at last, the good "Lake Manitoba" lay safely berthed at Quebec—the fringe of a new world—and as the sun heat fiercely down on her decks, and preparations were being made for landing, I sat apart and watched that cosmopolitan mass of humanity, and as I did so, I thought how, in a few hours later, as Staff-Captain Symons would all be spreading out over the Continent on our various roads, like a vast net-work; some to crowded cities and he unnoticed; others to particular points, and already

# THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 25 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THIS WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about matters referring to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

## GAZETTE.

### Promotions—

Lieutenant Jessie White, to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Nettie Rose, to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Annie Hubley, to be Captain.  
Lieutenant John Caines, to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Amos Strickland, to be Captain.  
Cadet Louisa Cooper, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Loo Cove.  
Cadet Edith Whitehorn, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Shoal Arm.  
Cadet Herbert Boucher, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Paradise Sound.  
Cadet Andrew Harbin, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Harbor Grace.  
Cadet Stephen Langdon, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Long Pond.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.



### BEWARE OF THE TIGER!

Physical Culture and Education are all right in their place, but if we only pay attention to the development of the bodies and minds of the children of to-day, and neglect their spiritual needs, the World will soon have them in its grip.

## Comments on Current Matters.

### CHANGE OF CHIEF SECRETARIES.

Our columns this week contain an announcement which we feel sure will be read with considerable regret by Officers and Soldiers all over the Territory—the farewell of Colonel and Mrs. Sowton. It is not yet twelve months since the Colonel and his wife were received with open arms by Canadian Salvationists and friends, and their Salvation spirit and loyal devotion to The Army, together with their charm of manner and kindly personality, have done nothing but heighten the favourable impression which they, at the first, created. The Territory will be very sorry to lose them. However, changes there must be in The Salvation Army, and the demands of the War, in the judgment of The General, necessitate that our comrades go to another sphere of labour.

As stated, they will go to assist Commissioner Booth-Tucker in The Army's great mission field, India. The loyal and ready obedience of The Army Officers to their General's commands is well known, and in no grade of Officers are these characteristics more manifest than in those who have big titles, and rank nearest to their Leader.

We take upon ourselves to say that, perhaps, never has this characteristic been more strikingly manifested than by the Commissioner and his Chief Secretary at this juncture. The Canadian comrades and the circumstances of the Salvation War in Canada have directly appealed to the Colonel. The immense opportunities of the Dominion, and the swinging, onward march of The Army in this Territory, struck a responsive chord in his make-up, and both he and Mrs. Sowton were enthusiastic to a degree on Canada. As for the Commissioner, it was patent to all that he and his Chief Secretary were kindred spirits, that there was, with them, unity of purpose and oneness of aim. Our Leader will greatly miss the Chief

## Colonel and Mrs. Mapp to be Chief Secretaries for Canada.

We have to make the announcement, that Colonel and Mrs. Sowton, Chief Secretaries for Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas, have received farewell orders; and, in the course of a few weeks, will proceed to their new appointment in India; where they will be the chief assistants of Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

They will be succeeded by Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, the present Assistant Field Secretaries of the British Field.

Colonel Henry W. Mapp, came out of Bombay, India. He has seen nineteen years' service, comprising appointments in India, the Farm Colony at Haddleigh, the Foreign Office, and the British National Headquarters. Further particulars concerning these changes will be forthcoming in later issues.

Secretary. This is a natural feeling, and only brings out in the stronger relief the ready subservience of his feelings and his own desire for achievement to the claims of the larger field, and, with his eye scanning the whole world-wide Salvation Army, the Commissioner gives up his principal assistant in a manner that cannot help but be an example to the whole Field.

In the appointment of Colonel Sowton's successor, there is no doubt The General has given very careful consideration to the claims of Canada. Colonel Mapp, who has been appointed, is an Officer of undoubted capacity and considerable experience. It is, of course, very early to say anything about welcomes—that will come—at the moment, it is the out-going of

Colonel and Mrs. Sowton that looms most largely before us. May God bless them in their new command, and honour their Soldierly spirit.

### OTHER INTERNATIONAL CHANGES.

As we go to press the news reaches us that more changes are soon to take place. We are in a position to announce that Commissioner Estill, of Japan, is under farewell orders, and that Colonel Hodder, of the London Province, has been appointed to succeed him as Territorial Commander. Commissioner Estill will follow Commissioner Kilbey in command of the Western Territory of the United States, with Headquarters at Chicago.

## Headquarters Notes

By I. C.

It is some time since I sent any News Notes to the "War Cry" for the information of its many thousands of readers, but there has come into my possession such specially good news, that I feel I must pass it on.

The General has been good enough to sanction the Commissioner's proposal that the Foreign Secretary should come to Toronto for the Fall Councils in that city. In this connection there will be a very special programme and from the 14th to the 19th of October (inclusive) will be very special days at the Hub of Salvationism in this country.

Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, is a man of great experience, long Salvation Army service, well versed in all the arts of Salvation Army Warfare, and cannot fail to be of untold blessing and help to both Staff and Field.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Howard may accompany him. What times we shall have—More of this, as the news comes through.

A great simultaneous Salvation Campaign is to take place from Atlantic to Pacific, in Newfoundland and Bermuda. I learn that not only is Brigadier Roberts, that veteran Salvationist of a thousand fights, and Major and Mrs. Plant, of Salvation Musical fame, likely to spend the Fall and Winter with us, but rumour hath it that Colonel Brengle is likely to lead on the Salvation hosts in one portion of the Territory, and other comrades much used of God in the salvation of souls from other parts of the world, are being negotiated for, and are likely to lend us a hand.

There is one fly in the pot of excitement—the removal of Colonel and Mrs. Sowton from our midst. Rumour hath it that great and grave responsibilities are to rest upon them in their new Command, and sure it is, that the three hundred millions of India will give to the Colonel and his dear wife a marvellous opportunity for service, but this does not do away with the disappointment we experience in not having them with us for the great Campaigns of the coming Fall and Winter. Still, if we would get, we must give. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and in this scattering, God will not forget us, or fall us.

The farewell meeting of the Chief Secretaries will take place on the same date as the Commissioning of the Cadets, namely, July 13th, while a United Officers' Gathering in some location adjacent to the City of Toronto on a later day, will give an opportunity for the City Officers and Territorial Headquarters' Staff, to give their Godspeed to our beloved comrades.

A great deal of interest will be manifested in the successor of our Chief Secretary, and I learn that Colonel and Mrs. Mapp have been appointed to this important position. The Colonel is an Anglo-Indian, converted, I believe, in Bombay, anyhow, in some part of that wonderful country; served there with great distinction, is able to converse in several languages, has had, for a considerable period, the inestimable privilege of

(Continued on page 13.)



# THE DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS.

The Commissioner's Sunday \* T. H. Q. Staff and Riverdale Band Assist \* A Visitor from I. H. Q. Present \* A Splendid Week's Record of Blessing and Victory.

**T**HE varied and interesting series of meetings at the Camp during the first week did not fail to attract crowds of people there. As is usually the case, some came to be blessed, and to be a blessing to others, while some came out of mere curiosity. Many of the latter got deeply convicted and some of them made their peace with God right on the spot. The leaders of the different meetings were quick to grasp the opportunity afforded them of deepening the life of God's people, and guiding them into higher experiences. The doctrine of holiness was, therefore, brought prominently to the front in nearly all the meetings and the result was that many claimed the blessing of a clean heart and laid themselves on the altar for service.

Many realised the truth of Malachi's words, "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple." Brought face to face with the truth about themselves in a way they had not seen it before, they renounced the cursed thing that hindered, and were "filled with the Spirit." Inspired by God, the leading Officers of The Salvation Army in Canada, did not fail to faithfully point out the dangers that threatened us on every side. Trusting to fleshly energy, instead of the power of the Spirit, formality, love of ease, worldliness, hypocrisy, false doctrine—all these were dealt with by one speaker or another, and like a clarion call to Israel from watchers on the tower, stirred many from their slumbers to watch and pray and fight with increased vigour. Detailed reports of the meetings are printed below, and we pray that God will use them to bring blessing to all our Soldiery throughout the Territory.

## GOD'S REQUIREMENTS.

Repent—Be Just—Be Merciful—  
Walk Humbly With God.

Sunday was an ideal summer day, and thousands of people visited the Camp. Just before eleven a.m., the Riverdale Band came marching up, and, together with Officers and Cadets, held a short open-air service. The meeting inside the Tent was a solemn and holy time. In his opening prayer the Commissioner besought God to put his stamp on all that was done that day, and the Lord's people felt that the Holy Spirit was indeed in their midst.

After a solo from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the Commissioner read The General's letter on Repentance, and the solemn message gripped the hearts of the people, and prepared the way for the further revelation of God's will through the very instructive address of the Commissioner. He chose as his text, Micah vi. 8. "He hath shewn thee O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

The mantle of Micah the Morasthite, who prophesied to Samaria and Jerusalem 750 years before Christ, surely fell on this modern prophet to the Canadians on June 28th in the year of our Lord, 1908. He spoke with all the authority of one who realised that he was God's messenger to the people and that the reception or rejection of his message meant life or death to his hearers. "In this verse we have the very essence of what man should be and do," he said, and then went on to give such a practical talk on men's duties toward God and one another, that even the "wayfaring men, though fools" could not have misunderstood the drift of his instructions. The Commissioner does not mystify his audience with the subtleties of theological controversies; his time is too precious to waste in arguing over theories; and so, in the plainest language, he deals with the things that really matter, invariably to the great edification of those who have "obtained a like precious faith," and to the terror of evil-doers. His discourse was full of such pointed truths as the following:—"True religion in the heart will regulate all the appetites of the body and the passions of the soul." Cleanliness of body and mind, reverence for God's word, House, and messengers, faithfulness in our relations with others, the cultivation of a merciful disposition and a humble walk with God, were the topics he dwelt upon. In conclusion, he made it plain that people could

not come up to God's requirements for them unless they had first of all made their peace with Him and furthermore, were completely submissive to His will. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire then tested the meeting by requesting all who were walking with God to stand to their feet. The majority did so, and during the singing of a chorus, many others stood up to signify that they surrendered on the spot, whilst one man made his way out to the mercy seat and asked God to forgive his backslidings.

## GOD MUST BE FIRST.

A Lively Free and Easy—The Cross the Attraction—Robust Religion Wanted—Lieut.-Colonel Iliffe's Message.

In the afternoon about seven hundred people gathered in the Tent. It was oppressively hot and the congregation were inclined to be a bit drowsy, but the Commissioner soon woke them up. "Let the meeting be alive," he prayed, "let the power of the Holy Ghost be felt and may every one open their heart to His influence." Colonel Sowton lined out a song, after which Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire sang one of his favourite solos. It was just the thing for a Camp meeting, and the chorus went with a swing, until the Grove re-echoed with the beautiful words:—

"Oh, it was wonderful  
That He should care for me,  
Enough to die for me."

The Commissioner then read a few verses from the Gospel of Luke, and commented on the truth "If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children,

and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

"That means God must be first," said the Commissioner, and he then pressed the question home to his audience, "Is God first?"

"People are trying to make an easy path to Heaven now-a-days, with no cross in it," he continued, "the Cross must ever be the attraction for us. In these days we want a robust religion, something healthy. No other sort is any good." Some short and lively testimonies were then called for, and a number rose to their feet and condensed their experience into one sentence. "I'm saved neatly, sweetly, and completely," said one. The man who had got right in the morning meeting returned to give God the glory.

Lieut.-Colonel Iliffe then spoke. He expressed his delight with Canada, and was glad to note that such a spirit of love and unity prevailed amongst his Salvation comrades here. This meeting reminded him of the time when he first got saved through listening to similar testimonies. That was twenty-six years ago. He was the bearer of a message from Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, who sent their undying love to all their dear Canadian friends. In conclusion, he related some of his own spiritual experience, and exhorted his hearers to consecrate their lives to God's service. Eight people stood up in response to an invitation to fully surrender to God and in the prayer meeting, which followed, several penitents made their way to the mercy seat.

## CRYING OUT AGAINST MEN'S SINS.

A Solemn Charge to God's Workers and a Clarion Call to Modern Jonahs.

The big tent was filled at night with a crowd of about eleven hundred and fifty people. On the platform were the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, Colonel and Mrs. Sowton, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Howell, Lieut.-Colonel Iliffe, Major and Mrs. Rawlings, Major and Mrs. Miller, and a number of other Officers from T. H. Q.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin and Mrs. Colonel Sowton asked God's blessing on the meeting and then Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire soloed, "Ye would not let me in." A Bible reading by the Commissioner followed. He drew two important lessons from it. First, those whose hand is against God and His people are going to lose; Second, our only safety is in God; not in system,

organisation, friends, or anything else that is earthly, admirable as all those things might be.

In calling upon the Riverdale Band



A Lightning Sketch of Lieut.-Colonel Iliffe, at Dufferin Grove.

for a selection, the Commissioner took the opportunity to remark that their playing had greatly improved of late. He hoped they had made as great an advance in spirituality, for he would rather have them good prayers than players, though he wanted them to be both.

The Commissioner's address was based upon the story of Jonah. Taking into consideration the fact that so many Christian Workers from other places assembled at Camp meetings to gain a better knowledge of how to fight for God, the Commissioner laid himself out more especially to help and inspire his fellow labourers in the Gospel. He first of all pointed out how important it is not to shirk our responsibilities. "Because men have done so they are to-day in darkness, doubt, and difficulty. 'Some of you have been running away from God's call and have not yet come back to obey,' he said, 'It is no easy thing to return and take up your cross. There are seas of difficulty to cross, but I advise you to face them, for it will never be easier for you to do so than now. To-night I hold out the olive branch to you, and say that if you will return to God, He will return to you. To those who are obeying God, I would remind you that you go forth to speak His message and not yours, you go to war at His charges—not yours. You may be as one voice in the wilderness—you may be the only one in your dear church, town, or Corps to speak the unpalatable truth, but I charge you—Hold not back your sword from blood. You will have to cry aloud against the sins, hypocrisy and unbelief of the

(Continued on page 11.)



Some Characteristic Attitudes of the Commissioner.

# The Week-End's Despatches.

## Amidst Farewells and Welcomes, the Work of Soul-Saving Goes on Apace.

### THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

#### A TOUCHING FAREWELL.

The Work of Two Holy Living Officers.

Our dear Officers, Ensign Miller and Captain Snow, held their farewell meeting with us at **Shelburne**, on the 21st, the Hall being packed to the doors.

The Ensign took for her text the sweet familiar words, "For God so loved the world," etc., and as she talked earnestly and tenderly to the people for the last time (these people among whom she has toiled so faithfully) many hearts were touched and eyes were filled with tears. At the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing two souls at the mercy seat.

Comrades have been cheered and blessed, sick and dying ones have been pointed to a loving Saviour, the bereaved ones have felt the sympathetic presence of the hand, and sick souls have found the better way to life, since these holy-living girl-officers have come among us.

May God bless and prosper them, wherever they may be called to work for Him!—M. Easlow.

#### ENTHUSIASTIC LEADERS.

Adjutant and Mrs. Hudson, Warmly Welcomed to Toronto.

On Saturday night we welcomed into our midst at **Lisgar Street**, Adjutant and Mrs. Hudson. It was a splendid meeting indeed—full of the power of God. The singing of our dear Officers was very much enjoyed. They are very enthusiastic.

A good fight was put up on Sunday by the Officers, Bandsmen, Soldiers and the Young People. God touched the mind and lips of the Adjutant. We were urged to go on to do greater things through Christ, which strengtheneth us. Best of all, we had the joy of seeing two precious souls turn from darkness into light.

Our expectations run very high for this Summer's Campaign. Our hearts are lifted up to God with the prayer "Quicken thy servants. Bring home the lost. Revive Thy work again."—Sister Nellie Humphries.

Since Lieutenant Warren has been with us at **Chance Cove**, we have had the joy of seeing eighteen souls come to the cross. We have good crowds at the open-air, and quite a number on the march. We are expecting to enlarge our Barracks soon.—Albert Brace.

Captain Burchell and Lieutenant Whitney, of Deseronto, recently paid a visit to Pictou, and conducted a special musical meeting. We had a glorious time and eight souls knelt at the mercy seat. We had a Hallelujah dance.—P. and A., for Captain Gartlan.

Owing to so many people leaving for the fisheries our crowds are small at **Clarendville**, but we have blessed times. Last Sunday one backslider was reclaimed.—Captain Cole.

#### A WINNIPEG WEDDING.

Sergeants Grey and Matthews Are Married by Brigadier Burditt.

On Thursday evening, June 18th, a large crowd assembled to see Sergeant Annie Grey (who has been acting as an Officer for two or three years) united to Sergeant John Matthews, in holy matrimony. Brigadier Burditt was in charge of the service.

The bride and bridegroom were supported by Ensigns Weir and Pearce, who both made appropriate speeches. While the Band was playing a wedding song, the bride and bridegroom marched in, Brigadier Burditt leading and Ensign Weir following. Major Taylor read the lesson.

After the ceremony, the Soldiers of No. 1 and III. retired to the lower Hall, where a wedding supper was provided by the friends and comrades of the newly married couple. Our comrades were the recipients of many congratulations and many presents.

At the service, Adjutant Byers gave his final farewell words to us all, and after the supper, headed by the Band, we marched to the station to wish him God speed.—S. V. Prince.

#### ENSIGN PRICE VISITS BRANTFORD.

The crowd on the Market Square at Brantford was larger than usual last Saturday, when Ensign Price, the Matron of the Hamilton Rescue Home was present.

On Sunday Adjutant Gillam delivered a stirring address at the holiness meeting, applying the lash to those who, while professing to be Christians, would not work themselves, and grumbled at those who were working strenuously for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

In the afternoon meeting the Band played a piece called "The Sea." Ensign Price spoke at the night meeting on "Moses and Aaron," and we rejoiced over three souls.

We are having good times at **Heart's Delight**. Last Sunday the most of our Soldiers and friends said good bye to us for a long while. We shall never forget the last night we spent together. We had a wonderful time. The power of God came down and the Soldiers were shouting and dancing for joy.

Our S.D. Target has been smashed. Our Soldiers think it a pleasure to be able to do something to help on the cause of God. We have been labouring amongst them for eleven months, and have always found them willing and cheerful.—Lieutenant Peach, for Captain Matthews.

We had good meetings at **North Sydney** on Sunday. The Ensign gave a very impressive address in the holiness meeting. One soul sought salvation at night.

On Sunday, May 31st we opened our new Hall at **Exploits**. The following Sunday we had a good time all day, and at night one soul came to Jesus.—E. Brace, Adjutant.

#### RE-OPENING OF HALL.

Adjutant Habbirk and Captain Wright Visit Essex.

For the last few weeks we have been hard at work at **Essex** repairing and painting our Barracks. On June 20th and 21st we had our re-opening. Adjutant Habbirk and Captain Wright, of London, were with us for the week-end. We had a grand time from the start to the finish, and everyone was delighted with the music and singing of the Adjutant around the open-airs and gave liberally in the offerings.

On Saturday night we had a musical meeting which all heartily enjoyed.

On Sunday God came near and richly blessed our souls. The holiness meeting was a real treat. Adjutant spoke with power and many of the dear comrades were in tears. In the afternoon three dear comrades were enrolled under the dear old Flag.

Although the weather was very warm, large crowds attended the meetings and many stood outside and listened to the singing.

Thirty dollars finances for the week-end was very good. We extend a hearty invitation to the Adjutant and Captain to return as soon as possible.—Bumps.

#### CHEERING SICK MAN.

Captain White was with us at **Summerside**, on 5th June, and led the meeting. Ensign Ash was with us also for the week-end, and on the 7th, gave a magic lantern service, entitled, "Rhoda," which was much admired. The following Sunday we held an open-air meeting near a sick brother, as was his request that we should do so. Sister Mrs. Oliver, of Alberton, was here for the week-end.

Our open-air meetings are largely attended. Lieutenant Martin is labouring alone, but God is with him. He was to farewell on the 14th last, but received a telegram to stay a little longer.

Sister Trowsdale is in uniform and looks fine in it.—Ava Wilson, Drummer.

#### A VISITOR FROM INDIA.

Adjutant Lewis, a returned missionary from India, was with us recently at **St. Catharines**. He gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on Saturday night with the aid of slides illustrating the principal points of interest. Rev. Mr. Paton, of Merriton, was also present. We are looking forward to another visit in the near future along the same lines. The Adjutant was dressed in Indian costume all day Sunday. This was a great attraction in the park.

The meetings were all well attended considering the very warm weather, and we feel sure hearts were stirred to a fuller realisation of India's needs.—M. C. C. C.

Captain Mannion was with us one night at **Halifax** 11, and we enjoyed his talk. On June 20th, Brigadier Morehen and his wife visited us. Major Phillips and Captain White accompanied them. We had twenty-three on the march Saturday night. At knee-drill two little Juniors sang together. About thirty were present and it was led by Captain McGregor and Lieutenant Kinsman. Mrs. Captain Hargrove was with us on Sunday night.

#### MAJOR GREEN AT BARRIE.

Seven Consecrations and Six Dedications.

The Week-end visit of Major and Mrs. Green to **Barrie**, was much enjoyed by all. The meetings were of a very interesting and profitable character, and somewhat unique in several respects.

On Saturday night the visitors gave a musical meeting and sang many of the Major's original songs. The holiness meeting was a very powerful one. The Major spoke on "How to become a Backslider," pointing out the danger of neglecting secret prayer and Bible study. Seven comrades came forward to consecrate themselves fully to the Lord. One of the oldest Soldiers was heard to remark that it was the best holiness meeting he had ever been in. The afternoon meeting was especially interesting, as six babies were presented to God and The Army. One was the child of Ensign Hancock.

A good time was experienced at night. Mrs. Green spoke powerfully from the word of God, and the people got much blessed.

On Monday night the Major and his wife went on to **Collingwood**, where two splendid meetings were held. Mrs. Green delivered a stirring address on the street. The people responded liberally to the appeal for funds, and five and-a-half dollars was quickly collected. A big thunderstorm rather disturbed the indoor meeting.

#### HAVE BLESSED MANY.

Major and Mrs. Creighton, who have been in charge of the immigration work in **Winnipeg**, farewell for the East last Sunday. They have been a great blessing to many during their stay here. Mrs. Brigadier Burditt, Major Taylor and Captain Barkholder all expressed their appreciation of the work done by our comrades, and wished them God's richest blessing. They conducted the meetings all day. In the morning the Major spoke on "The Advantages of Strength." One came forward for sanctification. At night he spoke on the "Sympathy of Jesus." Four came to the mercy seat—three for salvation and one for sanctification.—S. W. Prince.

On Wednesday night, the 17th June, we had a farewell meeting at **Hamilton, Bermuda**. Ensign Green and Captain Jarnes, who have been here about two years, made us a last good-bye, before leaving for the Land of the Maple Leaf. Captain and Mrs. Galway, who came here on furlough about six months ago, and who have been supplying at **Someset** for the past two or three months, also said good-bye on Wednesday night. Our comrades take with them our prayers and best wishes.—Correspondent.

We have had some good times at **Seaforth**. Mrs. Staff-Captain Hay, of Stratford, and Lieutenant Williams of Clinton, were with us for the week-end. Their music was much enjoyed, and much of the presence of God was felt.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp visited Norwich on June 15th, accompanied by Major Green. The meeting was enjoyed by all who attended. The Major's singing and the Colonel's address blessed us very much.

## Officers Leave Moosejaw.

They Were Loved and Respected By  
Soldiers and Townspeople Alike.

The farewell meetings of Ensign and Mrs. Habkirik from Moose Jaw were times of much enthusiasm. In the holiness meeting three comrades consecrated their lives to God. The open-air were well attended by the Band and Soldiers, and large crowds lined the sidewalks to hear them. The Corps-Cadets, Junior Workers and Juniors occupied the platform in the afternoon. Bandmaster Brown and his wife, from Regina, were present to assist. At night the building was packed, and many stood on the sidewalk to hear the final words of our Officers.

Brother Brooksbank, of the Methodist Church choir, said he was real sorry to part with Ensign and Mrs. Habkirik, as he had learned to love them for their work's sake. Rev. Speller, Baptist Minister, also spoke in a similar strain.

The farewell addresses of the Ensign and his wife were very touching. One man took a bold stand for God, and stated his intention to follow Christ. After the close of the ordinary service, about three parts of the congregation remained to sing "God be with you till we meet again." Brother Clark, the "Hallelujah Blacksmith," a Methodist local preacher, spoke a few words as to his deep sympathy with The Army. The following appeared in the "Moose Jaw Times":—

"Ensign Habkirik and his wife have been in Moose Jaw for eleven months and the work of The Army has prospered greatly during that time. Indications of this are plainly evident to all. The renovated Barracks are a proof of it. At considerable cost, the front of the Barracks was altered and the interior painted and decorated. The residence of the Officer-in-Charge has also been re-furnished. Not only has the work prospered materially, but there has been a large increase in the strength of The Army, the enrollment having been increased about one hundred per cent.

Moose Jaw has appreciated The Army no more than the genial Ensign has appreciated Moose Jaw. Speaking to a "Times" reporter yesterday, he said he never was in a place where he was met with more friendship, or given more help than in Moose Jaw.

Ensign Habkirik and his wife are beloved by the members of The Army, and highly respected by the people generally. Their departure is sincerely regretted, and best wishes follow them to their new field of labour."

We are having some wonderful times at Digby, N.S., since Captain L. MacGorman has been welcomed into our midst. The knee-drill on Sunday morning was a soul-inspiring time, and all through the day God wonderfully blessed and helped. One soul sought salvation in the afternoon and at the close of the day's fight, we rejoiced over four souls being born of God. Captain's singing and speaking is proving of untold value, and she has already won her way into the hearts of the people. She is certainly the right person in the right place.—M. E. R.

The townspeople of Sudbury have lately lent the Corps a set of Brass instruments, and a Band is being formed under Brother Cornthwaite.

## The Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings.

(Continued from page 9.)

people, but He will make your face strong against their faces, and your heart as an ocean of love, constraining you to pray and weep for them and to faithfully speak God's truth."

With such burning words, the Commissioner exhorted the people, until it seemed as if he had caught the spirit of the son of Amittai, who, twenty-eight centuries ago called aloud his message of judgment, through the streets of mighty Nineveh. The hearts of the people were profoundly stirred and no doubt many a war-worn veteran for God rejoiced in heart to hear the voice of Jesus Christ's ambassador so strongly rebuking the evils and errors of to-day. "I warn you against the treacherous teaching of all mercy and no justice," called out the Commissioner, "unless you repent you will sink into Hell. Yet forty days and perhaps someone in this tent will be forever beyond the reach of God's mercy."

"In the prayer meeting, many backsliders requested prayer to be made for them and some knelt at the mercy seat to renew their covenant with God.

## THE WEEK-NIGHT MEETINGS.

Christ Always The Same—Necessity of Vital Religion—Our Inheritance.

We have only space for a brief report of the meetings held throughout the week. On Tuesday night Staff-Captain Walton and the Temple Band conducted a good salvation meeting. The Songsters sang, "Praise the Lord our great Redeemer," and the Staff-Captain gave a stirring address from the text "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and for ever." One young man knelt at the mercy seat.

On Wednesday, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gaskin led on, assisted by the Toronto Junction Band. The Chief feature of this meeting was the Bible reading by the Field Secretary. He drew a wealth of lessons from the portion chosen. Cadets Nancarrow, Best and Vickers, each gave a short testimony. Captain Nock soloed and Captains Kelly and Jones gave a short address. The Colonel's text was "That thou mayest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed." He struck out at hypocrisy and half-heartedness, and urged the people to wake up to the necessity of having a vital religion. Two came forward for sanctification and a backslider returned to the fold.

Colonel Sowton was in charge on Thursday, and he was assisted by many of T. H. Q. Staff and the Dovercourt Band. Sergeant-Major Heard was the first to have the privilege of speaking. A Male Quartette then sang "Lead me higher up the mountain." Mrs. Major Miller and Brigadier Morris each gave a short address. The Colonel based his lesson on the story of the rich young ruler, and gave a very thoughtful and spiritual talk. One of his points was as follows: "We can never say that we inherit eternal life by right. It is by the goodness and grace of God that we become participants in that 'eternity' which Jesus Christ made when He left this earth. 'My peace I leave with you.' Is not that a splendid heritage?"

Lieut.-Colonel Howell led the prayer meeting and one young woman knelt at the mercy seat. She had become cold in her soul, and now came for-

ward publicly to give herself afresh to God. She promised to deal with her godless husband when she returned home.

## HOLINESS INSISTED ON.

Fifteen Seek the Spirit's Baptism.

Friday evening was especially devoted to the theme of holiness. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was the leader and the Lippincott Band supplied the music. Various speakers gave personal testimonies as to the possession of a clean heart, and urged their hearers to seek this blessing at all costs. In his usual free and cheery manner the Colonel soon had all the people singing heartily, inviting all who believed in the possibility of living holy lives to sing the chorus "Whiter than snow," with their hands raised. Ensign DeBow, Adjutant Sims and Captain Kelley each gave a one minute address, and Captain Mardall sang that heart-stirring song, "Down at the Saviour's feet." Mrs. Pugmire spoke briefly, relating some of her early struggles into liberty, and then Ensign Sheard sang a touching and beautiful solo:—

"Only to love and serve Thee."

The Colonel's address was short, but very much to the point. He chose as his text, "And the word of God increased, and the number of disciples multiplied." (Acts iv. 7.) The Holy Spirit was mightily at work amongst the people, and the Colonel's burning words stirred them greatly. Of what use are human eloquence, bands, organisation, professions of religion and outward ceremony he argued, unless they were all directly controlled by the Spirit of the living God. A form of godliness without the power will never bring about the blessed results that his text spoke of. These Camp meetings were never convened for the purpose of providing a mere entertainment to people, and unless they resulted in the saving of sinners and the sanctification of believers they would fail in their purpose. Are you a powerless Christian? was the question he drove home. "How many of you want to claim the baptism of the Spirit to-night, and thus be equipped as soul-winners? Stand up." Four immediately responded. Adjutant White came forward to lead the prayer meeting while the Colonel dealt with the seeking souls, and a very hallowed and melting influence fell on the people. "Let us get out of God's way to-night," he said, "very often we try to help Him too much. Let the Holy Spirit do His work and we will see the results." We did. There was no strain in the prayer meeting; not much urging of convicted souls—they came forward one by one—quietly but determinedly, until fifteen were at the mercy seat. It was truly a night when we were commanded to "Stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord with you."

## THE CADETS' DEMONSTRATION.

As is usually the case during the Camp Campaign, one night was given up entirely to the Cadets. This year they gave an interesting programme of song and testimony, under the leadership of Brigadier Taylor.

A fitting introduction of the various persons who were to take part was

given by Cadet Bradley in her few comments on the 117th Psalm, "Oh praise the Lord all ye nations," was just the verse to suit such a gathering, for many nationalities are represented by the Cadets. A lasso with a very broad Scotch accent then gave a testimony and told her hearers that they "Maun come down to Jesus' feet and get washed in the blood." Solos, trios, recitations and experiences followed. A sailor and a soldier related part of their life stories and five lassie Cadets sang a roundelay. The Cadets Band—consisting of two mouth-organs, bones and a tambourine—then played a selection. Cadets Rees and Neff each recited and Cadet Vickers sang a solo, especially appealing to backsliders. Brigadier Taylor wound up the proceedings by driving home the message of the song, "It was a wonderful thing that God should be willing to forgive those who had forsaken Him," he said, "but the Scriptures revealed to us that He has promised to return to them freely and forget all about their backsliding."

Thus ended the first week's doings at the Camp. The second week bids fair to eclipse all previous records, and faith is high for an outpouring of God's Spirit.

## A Wedding at Lippincott.

Bandman Easton and Sister Langworthy Married by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

The news that a Hallelujah Wedding was to take place at Lippincott Citadel brought together a large crowd of people—most of them non-Army goers. Previous to the meeting the Band played several selections outside the Citadel, and then took their places on the platform to await the entrance of the bridal party. The latter soon made their appearance, upon which the Band struck up the Wedding March. Sister Eva Freeman acted as bridesmaid, and Bandman Ernest Aldridge as best man. During the course of the evening, the interesting fact was brought to light, that both the bridegroom and his best man were Juniors together in South London, when Colonel Pugmire was in charge of that District.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall each spoke briefly on behalf of the Corps, and Bandmaster Bulmer, speaking for the Band, wished the couple much happiness. Bandman Ernest Aldridge was glad to be able to say a few words as to the good qualities of his friend. They had been school-chums and Juniors together, and the first one to greet him on his arrival in Canada was Bandman Easton. A laugh was raised, when he added that not only did he speak kindly words of welcome to him, but he showed his sympathy in a very practical manner by helping him to scrub his house out. "He'll make a good husband," said Colonel Pugmire in a loud whisper. Brigadier Collier, speaking for T. H. Q., then wished the bride and groom a future of happiness and prosperity.

The Ceremony was then performed by the Colonel, and the two young people gave themselves to each other for life, in a very sincere and earnest manner. In speaking afterwards, they both declared that they had not rushed into this union, but had sought God's guidance by much prayer, and they felt it was His will for them.

The meeting came to a very beautiful finish by two young women kneeling at the mercy seat to surrender fully to Jesus Christ, while a third stood up in the audience and consecrated her life to God on the spot.

# An Ocean Graveyard.

## Stories of Wrecks and Rescues of the Newfoundland Coast.



Rescuing Passengers From a Wreck.

**C**APE RACE, the South-Eastern extremity of Newfoundland, has a most unenviable notoriety, owing to the number of wrecks that annually occur on its rugged and dangerous foreshore. An official chart shows the disasters there during the past forty years. Together with some not inscribed thereon, they represent a total of ninety-four complete wrecks of ocean-going vessels—steamers and others—involving a loss of about two thousand lives, and \$30,000,000 in hulls and cargoes. Ships which stranded and afterwards escaped are not included. Last year alone, eight steam and two sailing vessels came to grief there, thirty-five persons perished, and a property loss of \$2,000,000 was involved.

All sorts of vessels meet a common grave about Cape Race. One day a Montreal liner beaches herself, another sees a New York freighter go to pieces, a Galveston cotton boat is the third victim, and a Philadelphia oil-tanker the fourth. To-day the crew may all escape, to-morrow all may perish.

### The Cause of Disasters.

These disasters are due to two causes—fog and currents. Every shipmaster now-a-days is expected by his owners to make quick passages. A quick passage means smaller expense, and captains who are slow soon find themselves supplanted. Therefore, all skippers take the shortest route, and risk the danger of collision or stranding. The great-circle track, the shortest and most practical, almost grazes Cape Race. This whole region is commonly fog-velled with the dense, blinding mist created by the co-mingling of the warm Gulf Stream and the frigid Arctic current on the Grand Banks. The meeting of these contending ocean rivers, moreover, makes a swirl that disturbs the surrounding sea, forming a North-running current which sweeps towards Cape Race. It splits on the headland, and one branch runs up the East coast towards St. John's, the other pouring into St. Mary's Bay. These currents are variable and uncharted. They change their force and direction with every wind that blows, and the ablest local navigators, who know their vagaries best, dread them the most. It is the unfamiliar shipmaster, who sees no cause for caution, that finds himself hurried to destruction as if drawn by a lodestone. The west-bound ship comes under the influence of the Eastern current several hours before making the Cape, and her head is steadily deflected from the right course, until, if care is not exercised, she is speedily hurled to her doom on the "back" of the headland.

### A Doomed Company.

Amongst the most terrible catastrophes on this coast was the wreck of the British transport "Harpur," on November, 10, 1816, by which 306 human beings perished. She was bound from Quebec to England, with soldiers and their families, the total personnel being 380. After several days of fog and storm, she struck on a reef near Cape Pine, just before midnight. An awful scene ensued, and, as the panic-stricken wretches rushed from their beds and made for the deck, ill-clad as they were, their onset completed the horrors that darkness bred. Men cast off the boats and tried to launch them, only to be swept overboard by the waves or swallowed by the boats when they struck the water. Her pounding on the rocks "jumped" the masts out of her, and as they went they carried many to their long account. Others were drowned or crushed below decks, and more killed against the bulwarks. After a night of agony the day came, "foggy and dour." A rodney hung astern, and the mate and four men put off in her to seek aid. As they rowed towards land their boat was stove against a mass of rocks, and they barely escaped death. Gaining an insecure foothold, they climbed up the islet, but could afford no help to those on the ship. However, the master, who had a Newfoundland dog, threw it into the sea with a rope round its middle, and the sagacious brute swam to the rock

on board her must long ago have perished. But the trend of currents there sweeps all the wreckage into a break in the barrier cliffs; so the coast folk determined to recover the bodies as they were washed in. Accordingly, they established themselves on the hills above the cove, and when morning dawned they had contrivances rigged by which they lowered one another down into the land-wash and secured the remainder of the unfortunate victims before the sea had wrecked its fury on them. In this case, it will be noted, there was no possibility of a life being saved, and yet, the daring fellows, with a splendid unselfishness, risked their lives to regain inanimate bodies, in the teeth of a January blizzard, so that the poor victims of the wrath of the sea should not be deprived of a ceremony of sail-cloth and a covering of clay.

### An Oil Steamer Wrecked.

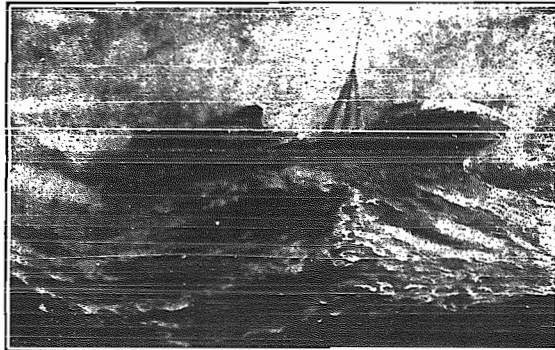
The most pathetic and moving disaster of all was the loss of the oil-tank steamer "Helgoland" near St. Shotts, on January 10, 1900. She was bound from Philadelphia to Hamburg, petroleum laden, was caught in a midwinter snow-storm, and struck Gull Rock. This is a needle of granite 450 feet high, separated from the mainland by a chasm fifty yards wide, in which the sea runs like a mill-race.

The "Helgoland's" cargo must have taken fire when she struck, for a column of flame against the midnight sky apprised the residents of Peter's River, fifteen miles away, of the disaster. This was the nearest settlement, and although it was mid-winter, and there was no road, they started for the scene, tolling through the

ocean for miles. Everything spoke of death, and desolation.

### Helpless Watchers.

But lashed to the topmast rigging were three seamen, the only survivors. When they described the coast folk they made mute appeals for help, but none could be given. The whole coast for miles is a fortalice of rocks, no settlers live there, no boats were available. Even if there were, none could go down the cliffs, because he would be dashed against them by the waves and beaten to a jelly. No castaway dared swim to the base for the same reason. The chasm prevented access to Gull Rock, and the onlookers were forced to watch fellow-creatures perish, being unable to aid them. One of the men on the mast cut himself loose, plunged into the sea, and swam towards the shore. But he could find no hold, and the undertow caught him; he was tossed high by the swirl, and the next minute his death-cry horrified the watchers as he was flung savagely against the rocks. Two hours later a second survivor, lashed in the mizen, was cast into the seething cauldron of surf with that spar, and met a sailor's end. Finally, the last of the three, a greybeard, whose bald head was quite visible, seeing the wreck going to pieces beneath him, loosed his lashings and manfully plunged in to the waves, trying to reach the cliff, down which the watchers had thrown a rope. But the waves were too powerful, and though he made three attempts, he could not reach it. Glimping up the struggle, then, he swam back and regained his lonely eyrie, whence, like the ill-fated Viking he was, he waved a last farewell to the spectators of this pitiful tragedy, lashed himself up again, and waited for death to come. Nor was it long delayed. The season was midwinter, the temperature arctic, the man, chilled from long exposure and subsequent immersion. Soon the frost struck to his heart, his head fell forward, his body collapsed, and all knew his soul had taken flight.



Hurried To Destruction, As If Drawn by a Lodestone.

after an exhausting struggle. By means of this line a heavier one was drawn to the rock and fastened there, and the transfer of those on the ship was begun. But about midday, when some thirty had got safely across, the rope parted from chafing against the sharp boulders, and the miserable beings still on the wreck were left without hope of succour.

Some jumped overboard and tried to swim ashore, others lashed themselves to planks, others built rafts; but scarcely any escaped, most of them being flung against the cliffs and killed. During the evening the hull went to pieces, carrying with it the last of the doomed company. The survivors on the rocks were exposed there another night, being rescued next morning by some fishermen.

### Ashore On Mistaken Point.

It was in the height of a fierce snow-storm on January 20, 1867, that the steamer "George Washington" from New York, was lost with all hands—forty-seven souls, of whom fourteen were passengers. She struck on Mistaken Point, a headland five miles from Cape Race, and, as the name indicates, frequently mistaken for it. Amid the howling gale and driving snow, which lashed the waves into fury, escape was impossible. Indeed, the disaster was not suspected for several hours. When the settlers gathered at the scene, the hull could just be discerned against the base of the cliffs hundreds of feet below. Nothing could be done; the scene was one to daunt the stoutest heart, and the least experienced among the watchers realised that all

snow with their life-lines and gear on their backs. It was daylight when they reached there, and a melancholy spectacle awaited them. The ship was grounded on a reef beyond Gull Rock, pounding to pieces. Her hull was almost wholly submerged, the fire had burnt out, and the petroleum



They Lowered One Another Down.

## PRISONER PAROLED TO THE ARMY

### Is Saved as a Consequence.

One Sunday when we reached the open-air stand, the Captain was about to give out the second verse, when a police officer came and put his hand on his shoulder, saying that a certain man in jail wished to see him. The Captain went to the police station with the officer, and found a poor, broken-hearted man there crying and begging for the Captain to plead for him. The Captain prayed with him and pointed him to God, and assured him that he would do all he could. Monday morning he was on his feet at court at 8.45, and had a talk with the Probation Officer. Together they went to the prisoner's cell, and he was told he would have to go to the Bridge Water Jail for the time being, the Captain promising to be present at the trial. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The Probation Officer spoke to the Judge and told him Captain Roberts was in court in behalf of the prisoner, and the Judge asked the Captain if he would like to speak for the accused. The Captain said, "I would like to take charge of him, and if given another chance, I think he would do better." The Judge asked if he thought he could handle him, and the Captain replied, "I think I can." The prisoner was then handed over to the Captain on three months' probation. The prisoner was a cobbler and had a store, but the landlady refused to allow him to come back to it. After a long talk, however, she said that she would give him another chance, so the Captain took off his coat and started to clean up the store and put it in good shape. The man was told that he would be expected to attend the meetings, which he did, and, praise God, gave himself to God and got saved. He is doing very well.—New York Cry.

The reason God does not come into some hearts is because He cannot get in.

The true Soldier says: "Which is the smallest meeting in the week? Where there are the least people, that is the place for me."



# Our International News Letter.

## AUSTRALASIA.

The Women's Social Work in Australia has just received an addition to its ranks of devoted Officers, by the commissioning of nineteen Cadets. The ceremony was conducted by Mrs. Commissioner McKie, in the presence of a large crowd, in the Melbourne City Temple.

This year's series of Congresses have eclipsed all that have preceded them for enthusiasm and blessing. In Adelaide the Mayor presided and spoke in high terms of The Army. Several Officers were called on to give addresses on special subjects. Staff-Captain Sandanand spoke on open-air work, and said in brief:—

"In South Australia The Army held three hundred open-air services every week, at which they estimated the congregations averaged 1,500 people. In Australia and New Zealand they conducted about three thousand such meetings weekly, having an attendance of about 150,000 people. Throughout the world The Army held upwards of ten thousand open-air services, and they estimated that 3,000,000 people listened to the message of the Gospel each week. In open-air work they often reached people they did not see. The utility of open-air work lay in this—that there was still a vast majority of people in Australia who did not attend any place of worship. These were their people, and they were going to them and telling them the story of the Cross in their own language as efficiently as they could. The Army had no fear of not being able to do its work. Its followers were troubled by no politics, no sectarianism, no higher theology—only that Christ died for them."

The Women's Social Work and Visitation, were other subjects touched on.

## UNITED STATES.

When the flagship "Tennessee," belonging to the advance cruiser squadron of Admiral Evans' battleship fleet, arrived in Seattle Harbour, Major Merriweather took a hundred American War Cries on board. The lads eagerly welcomed them, and declared them "as good as a letter from home."

A new Rescue Home, at a cost of \$50,000, is to be opened at Midway, U.S.A. Towards this amount thirty thousand dollars was provided by the will of the late Mr. F. Elsinger, of St. Paul.

The site was given by his brother, Mr. Joseph Elsinger, proprietor of the St. Paul "Golden Rule," and he has since generously added another five thousand dollars towards furnishing the Home.

Captain Hughes, of Camden, New Jersey, was walking along the street, recently, when a poor fellow, with a piteous look in his eyes, said, "Captain, I am a bad man—I am unworthy of any kindness—I am all undone. But if it is possible for a human being in my condition to be put right, then I want to be made right. If God can save a wretched man like me, I want you to tell me how." The Captain took him to the Hall, in the meantime explaining to him the way of salvation, and kneeling at the mercy seat, he cried to God for pardon. He is now working his way up at our Industrial Home in that city.

Ensign Clifford, of Battle Creek, Michigan, has been appointed to the



The Leading Staff Officers of Germany.

Civic Committee of the city. His colleagues include the Mayor, several aldermen, bankers, ministers, the chief of the police, and judges. The Ensign is also a member of the Business Men's Association.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

On a recent visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rauch to the Rondebosch Social Farm, ten of the men were sworn-in as Soldiers.

The fine bird which carried off first prize in the white leghorn class at the Johannesburg Agricultural Show, was purchased by its present owner, some time ago, from the Madleigh Farm Colony.

While waiting for a train at a wayside station in South Africa, a Salvationist was accosted by a gentleman, who asked whether The General was coming to that country. After a little talk he confessed that he ought to become a Salvationist. The waiting-room table served as a penitent form.

The Native district has, of course, occupied a considerable part of the Commissioner's programme. The Tsolo Day-school was inspected, and not only was everything found to be in excellent order, but the attendance had increased to such an extent that an additional teacher was engaged. At Tshoxa, the head-man of the village, a Salvationist, with a number of his people, met The Army's representative and gave him a rousing Salva-

tion reception. The whole Campaign resulted in the surrender of 246 penitents.

## SWEDEN.

In addition to many steamers which have already been chartered for the conveyance of Salvationists and friends to the great Södertelje demonstrations in connection with the Swedish Congress, a special train from the Dale Division has also been engaged.

The Chief of the Staff has agreed to visit Stockholm during the Annual Congress, giving two days to Councils with the Field Officers and another day to the Staff. The days are July 7th, 8th and 9th, and our Swedish comrades have received the news with great enthusiasm and joy.

The opening has just taken place of a New House for a Children's Summer Colony. The House stands in its own grounds, and has been erected especially for this purpose, giving accommodation for sixty children and ten Officers. It is well situated, just on the outskirts of a beautiful forest, and there is a large covered verandah in front of the house, where the children can play in the event of a rainy day.

The opening was quite a festival day in the village, and flags were flying from many of the houses, whilst the State Church was placed at our disposal for a Musical Festival, and

the Vicar took part both in the opening ceremony and the festival at night.

## FINLAND.

After a four months' tour in South-East Europe, Commissioner Rallton arrived in Helsingfors, Finland. He was met by Major Gronlof, the Divisional Officer. These are his impressions of our Finnish comrades:—

"In the little Officers' Quarters, next door to the Hall, I got my soul blessed through the wall as I heard the Soldiers praying, whilst the Colonel was arranging his song programme with the Officers. There was no need to call on anybody to pray or speak, and, though I knew nothing of the Finnish words, I was conscious that we were all with one accord striving for the same thing—that God might be glorified and souls saved before the meeting ended."

It was indeed a fight! Rows of godless young men stood or sat there as hour followed hour, though none would yield. They were no more inclined to leave The Salvation Army fight than if they had been in a pub, as usual. At last a girl slipped to the penitent form, and then a woman. The Colonel would not give up till 10.30, when he tried, as a last venture to close the first meeting and invite only the anxious to remain.

And then another fight began, and was soon crowned with a man of the most forlorn-looking sort. At forty minutes past ten, Mrs. Howard and some sisters were surrounding a woman who had in several meetings screamed and acted as if possessed by devils. Hallelujah! she came at last, weeping at the mercy seat, and we were off to try to catch the last train to our distant Quarters."

## Headquarters Notes

(Continued from page 8.)

serving as one of the Under-Secretaries at the Foreign Office, and more recently as Assistant Field Secretary in the great British Territory. A warm welcome awaits these dear comrades.

I hear it rumoured that the Commissioner has in view some special plans for occupying very large buildings during the coming Fall and Winter for Salvation meeting purposes, and there are also rumours that special Spectacular Salvation Demonstrations are in course of preparation, which will have for their effect, the gathering of the people, so that they may be influenced to turn to God. As a matter of fact, the Massey Hall has been secured for at least every Sunday night for six months, commencing with Council Sunday, October 18th, until the following Spring, and arrangements are being made to occupy other large buildings throughout the country.

There are rumours of All Nights of Prayer, Half-Nights of Prayer, Early Morning Prayer Meetings, Mid-day Attacks, special Brigades for dealing with special classes of sinners, and, altogether, a raid into the enemy's camp.

I shall be on the lookout from time to time for interesting items, and if the Editor can find space, will try and give to the readers of the "War Cry" the benefit of my findings.



Salvation Army House, Downing Road, Le. Clapton, N.E.

The Staff Lodge—Clapton.

# A . . . STIRRING TALE . .

# Drake: A Salvation Greatheart.

From the  
British . .  
War Cry.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ON ARMY SERVICE.—Continued.

NOT long after these events, Drake had a hand in making another happy home. A young married woman, as a result of her husband's drunkenness and cruelty, was obliged to leave him and her home, and seek a situation as a servant in a distant city.

Four years passed. One night a drunken man—the husband in question—was arrested by the Spirit of God at an Army open-air meeting. He followed to the Hall, was converted, and became a Soldier.

Until this time, he had cared nothing for his wife, but now he was constantly uneasy, wondering if she was all right. He did not know where she lived, but knew she had gone to London. At last he told the secret to his Officer, and was advised to write to the Inquiry Department at Mare Street.

Drake was commissioned to make inquiries, and soon discovered the wife, and obtained an interview with her.

"Do you think it would be safe in going back to him?" she asked.

"As he has been a Salvationist for some time, you need have no fear on that score," was the reply. "His Officer speaks very highly of him, and he is in regular work. Moreover, he is still in love with you."

"Well, that is strange," said the young woman. "I had given notice, and I am leaving here in a week's time. I have saved £12, so if there is any true thing wanted for our home that will be a help."

On the day she left her situation, she returned to the little home her husband had prepared for her after their painful separation of four years. Soon afterwards she was sworn-in a Soldier under the Blood and Fire Flag, and to-day that couple have as cosy and happy a home as anyone in the Corps.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MAKING HAPPY HOMES.

A famous writer once said that he liked The Salvation Army because it made religion where there was none before. It might also be said of The Army that it makes homes where there were none before: the drunkard who gets converted at the drum-head or at the penitent form suddenly realises that one of his first duties is to make his wife and children happy at home; the Social and Emigration agencies have also as their ultimate goal, the making of happy homes; while our Officers and Soldiers are constantly being recommissioned to heal domestic feuds and reconcile estranged relatives.

In connection with his official work, as well as in private life, Drake has frequently been instrumental in reconciling husbands and wives who have drifted apart.

Not long ago a Salvationist wrote to the Women's Social Headquarters with reference to a man who had been separated from his wife several years, and who was then living a considerable distance away from her. The Salvationist explained that the man in question was in his employ, and having felt confidence in speaking freely to a Salvationist, he had confessed that his conscience had long troubled him on account of his wife, as he knew he had treated her very badly.

Drake was commissioned to make inquiries, and when he ultimately found the wife, she told him a painful story. Her husband had, during the short married life, treated her with great unkindness, until at last she was obliged to apply to a magistrate for a separation order. This was granted, the husband being ordered to pay 7s. 6d. a week towards her main-



"Do You Think I Would Be Safe in Going Back To Him?" She Asked.

tenance. He had paid this allowance only a very few weeks when he disappeared, and his wife had known nothing of his whereabouts or received any support from him for over four years.

After some further conversation, Drake assured himself that notwithstanding all the ill-treatment she had received at the hands of her husband, the woman was still fond of him. So he made a proposal. "Would you be satisfied that your husband was a chanced man," he asked. "If he paid your allowance of 7s. 6d. a week regularly for six months?"

"Indeed, I would," replied the woman.

"All right," said Drake, "I will see if I can manage it that way."

When Drake left the wife he at once sought an interview with the husband's employer, and told him what he had done. "Well," asked that gentleman, "what do you think is the best thing we can do now?"

"Get the man converted," said Drake.

"A good idea!" replied the master. "Let's go and see him at once."

So the two went to where the man was working.

"George," said the master, "Here's a gentleman come to see you."

George looked up very white and scared.

"Oh," continued his employer, reassuringly, "it's all right, he isn't a policeman. Come into my house for a chat."

So the Salvationist—good fellow that he was—took his workman right into his parlour, and put him in the best chair he had.

Then Drake told him what his wife had said, and as he spoke of her the man's eyes filled with tears. Drake was quick to follow up this advantage. Coming close up to the man, he put his hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face said, "Why don't you give yourself to God, and let Him be your Friend?"

"I was a follower of Christ once," said the man, "but I have been a backslider for years."

By this time, the man's employer was on his knees on the carpet, praying for his workman's conversion, and while Drake pointed out the way of

Salvation the man burst into tears and cried to God for mercy.

Next day the convert sent some money to his wife, and in a short time a complete reconciliation was effected, a home was got together again, and the man's employer put him into a little business. Both husband and wife are now serving God and living happily together.

In the earlier part of our story we were able to show how much Drake owed to the training and influence of a Godly mother. She it was, who first taught him to hush the name of Jesus, and it was at her knee that he imbibed that knowledge of Scripture and reverence for God's law which had been his sheet-anchors in the storms of life.

One can imagine the painful sensations he experienced when, one day, he received the tragic information that his mother was dying. Drake felt no forebodings of evil on her account. For sixty years she had been a servant of God and an abstainer, and from the time they were children playing about her feet in that humble fisher's cot, until they had children of their own, her son and daughters always looked on their mother as the most convincing evidence of religious reality.

Now, at the age of eighty-eight, she was suddenly taken ill in the home of one of her daughters, who had made her declining years easy by love and tender care. With her grandchildren playing about her, the old lady passed her days in unclouded content.

To be continued.

## Promoted to Glory.

MRS. COFFIN, OF NEW ABERDEEN.

The Reaper—Death—has been busy in this place, and, as a result, the mother of one of our dear comrades, Brother C. Coffin, was gathered to that Heavenly Land above. Mrs. Coffin was a patient sufferer, her trust was in Him who doeth all things well. Although a member of the Episcopal Church, at her own request she was attended through her illness by Captain Hargrove. She lived a conquering life and died a triumphant death.

Captain Hargrove conducted the funeral services at the house and grave, which were largely attended by Soldiers and friends. At the memorial meeting, Mrs. Hargrove spoke from the text, "There is but a step between me and death." The prayer meeting resulted in five souls at the cross. We are bearing the bereaved ones up in prayer, that God may comfort each sorrowing heart—W. Hargrove, Captain.

## FATHER BURGE, OF TRITON.

Death has visited our ranks at Triton, and has taken from us Father Burge, a much loved comrade. For most of the past Winter he has been ill, but of late he was improving nicely. He was well enough to perform his own work, and though his end came unexpectedly, yet, he was ready.

On Wednesday he was to Pelly's Island. He came home in the evening, and, as usual, retired to rest. He had not been long there when he was taken real sick, but could not speak. On Thursday, at 1.30, his spirit returned to God who gave it. We have bright hope of meeting him in the Morning.

He has been a Soldier for many years, living in readiness for this sudden call. He will be greatly missed by many.

On Sunday night we had a memorial service, when many hearts were touched. May God bless the sorrowing ones, and lead the unsaved to Himself.—M. K. P.



"The Two Went To Where the Man Was Working."

## BROTHER STUCKLES, OF FARMER'S ARM.

Death has visited Farmer's Arm, and taken from our midst Brother William Stuckles. He was much loved by all. He was a friend of The Army, and did all that lay in his power to help the work long. He had not been sick very long when the doctor said his case was very serious and he had very little hope for him—his complaint was heart failure.

He was a hard-working, industrious man, and leaves behind him to mourn their loss, an aged father and mother, a wife and three children.

We hope to meet him again in that land where death can never come, and where sorrow is unknown.

The funeral service was conducted by Lieutenant Woodland, of Cottle's Island. The service was very impressive, and many were moved to tears. At the graveside we pledged ourselves afresh to God's service, while we sang "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

Our prayers and deepest sympathy are extended to the bereaved ones.—Correspondent.

## FATHER FORCEY, OF GRAND BANK.

Death has again entered our ranks and taken from the Corps one of our oldest Soldiers, in the person of Father Forcey (or Uncle Aaron, as he was usually called). His illness was very short, as he was sick only five days, during which time he suffered a lot.

For him death had no terror. Being asked by the Adjutant on the day he passed away, if he had a sure hope of Heaven, he replied, "Oh, yes, Adjutant. It would be no good for me to say I liked for it, if I wasn't sure of it now."

He very much wished to see his sons return from the fishery before he died, but God willed it otherwise. One of them, however, arrived just in time to take a last look at his dear old face and attend his funeral.

A large number of people marched to the Citadel where a service was conducted by Adjutant Brown and Captain Millar. From there they followed to the cemetery to pay their last respects to an old friend and Brother.

Our deepest sympathy is with the sorrowing ones, especially dear old Grandmother, his beloved wife. Wishing her good-bye for the last time, he

said, "I must leave you in the hands of the Lord; I'm going to be with Jesus." They have lived together many a year, and now it will only be a little while when they shall meet to part no more.—Mrs. Adjt. Brown.

## A WARRIOR'S DEATH-BED.

(Continued from page 7.)

duced by others in the vineyard. Revalys favoured the table of this nobelman and for such occasions, only the fruit from this particular vine was culled. No one could explain why this vine stood alone in the lushness and quality of its fruit, until one day, as excavations were being made near the bed of a river which flowed on the outside of the walled domain, the work men struck some great spreading roots which retarded their progress. At once all was made clear to them, and they hurried to inform their master of the secret of the vine, for behold the roots passed beneath the river-bed, from which they drew nourishment and life. So too, said the speaker, and his eyes fairly glistened with radiant happiness, it is not necessary for me to be a good man, simply because I call myself a Salvationist, or wear this uniform. Ah! no. In a man's being, the fruits of life are entirely dependent on the depth of the roots of God's love in his heart, and that they be watered, as was the vine, by the living River of Love, which comes from, and leads to God."

## THE STRONG DELIVERER.

An old monk was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. He suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep, the second was well rooted in the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth was a full-sized tree. One after another the lad was directed to pull them up. The first and second were not hard to move, but the third taxed his strength to the utmost. "Now said his master, 'try the fourth.' But all his efforts to up-root it scarcely shook the leaves of the tree. 'This, my son, is what happens with our bad habits and passions. If we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, no human power can uproot them; God alone can pluck them out.'

## THE OTTAWA RESCUE HOME.

(Continued from page 4.)

Army than I ever got through listening to any sermon!"

Two years ago a girl left The Home deaf to all the entreaties of the Officers, apparently determined to dispose of the custody of her child as completely as could be. The Officer had tried to show her that it was little short of murder. Some time afterwards a letter came saying that she had thought better of it. "I didn't put the baby away," said she, "and I'm glad now that I didn't. I could not and would not part with it for anything." Invariably have we found that the maternity instinct softens and develops the best in nature, and there is little hope for reformation when this is crushed.

Sometimes it requires a herculean effort of faith to claim the salvation of desperate cases.

A young girl once came to The Home so ingrained in lying, deceit, theft and craftiness that her reformation looked hopeless. She stole from everyone, and was filthy and depraved in habits. Time and again the Officers dealt with her—forgave, warned, punished, watched until their patient efforts seemed like pearls thrown before swine. "If I thought," said the Matron one day, "there was a spark in you the size of the head of a pin of desire to be good, I would give you another chance."

The chance was begged for and obtained, although a severe test of the girl's sincerity was required. Before the day was out, however, love and firmness had conquered. The girl made a clean breast of her misdeeds and confessed all. Then she was put to work. As may be imagined, she had been an inveterate idler—scampering every task which was required of her. Now, however, she began to work out her own social and moral reformation. She tried hard to learn, and before very long was the most de-

pendable ironer for the finest clothes that the laundry could boast.

It will be seen by the foregoing that a thorough drill in domestic work, including a well-ordered laundry, are part of the methods in vogue at The Home.

The Hospital wards are, of course, a distinct feature, and here again all that modern science commands is requisitioned as a hand-maid to the service of social and moral regeneration.

Technically we speak of "cases," but in every nurse-Officer's heart there is a closer tie than that of patient and professional nurse. Here is a Sister whose most sensitive moments will come when helpless. Here is, perchance, an unrepentant sinner, the depth of whose bitterness and woes must yet be tested. These will be the moments when the cloak of falsity or pride will fall, and the opportunity of a life-time to succor, help, soothe, or plead with such a soul, will come. Numberless cases of conversion date back to such an hour when the Saviour and the sinner met.

## What the Lord's Day Should Be.

A day of holy toll for God and souls. A day for increased communion with God. A day of happy intercourse between parents and children. A day for the deeper study of God's Holy Word. A day of public testimony and song in the open-air and Hall. A day for doing good to all around us. A day for instructing children in God's Word. A day for winning souls for Christ. A day of preparation for eternity.—B. Reed.

## EXCHANGE.

Adjutant William Brindley, of Cambridge, Ohio, would like to exchange an American for a Canadian War Cry. Anyone willing to exchange, please write to him at

722 South 8th Street,  
Cambridge, Ohio, U.S.A.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

## BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

Aggressive Christianity. By Mrs. Booth.	Price 60c.
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## MISSING.

## To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thom. B. Columbia, at Allen Street, Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First Insertion.

6732. GIBBS, GEORGE. Last heard of in Parry Harbour. Struck by lightning about eleven years ago. Missing since 1898. Age 27. Friends offer reward for news which will unite this young man and his brother. Communicate with above office.

6731. DUNLOP, WILLIAM. Will hear of something to his advantage by communicating with above office.

6730. WATKINS, MRS. MARY. Last heard of five years ago in a British Columbia Hospital. If above is still alive kindly communicate with above office. Father enquires.

6726. GRIFFIN, NATHANIEL, or SAM. Age about 29; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; dark brown hair and eyes; fair complexion. Missing for fourteen years. Last heard of in Sault Ste. Marie.

6725. CROSS, WILLIAM. Left London, England, two years ago. Last known address was Myrtle, Man. Supposed to have gone to British Columbia. Navy by trade. Height, 6 ft., hazel eyes, dark brown hair, dark brown moustache; fair complexion. Wife anxious.

6555. THOMPSON, ARTHUR. Age 26; short and dark, curly hair. Was a soldier before coming to Canada about three years ago. Last heard of in Moose Jaw, Sask. Communicate with above office.

6723. HEYWOOD, WALTER. Single, age 30; height 5 ft. 9 in.; black hair; black eyes; native of Lancashire. Has worked at spinning mills. Fond of roaming, and may have gone to the Klondike. Last heard of in Winnipeg, Man., in 1905.

6686. MATHISON, ROLF BJARNE. Age 19. Norwegian. Used to railway, mining, and tunnel work. Light hair and blue eyes; stout and broad shouldered; medium height. Left Norway in 1905; last heard of in April, 1907. Parents anxious.

6346. BRISTOW, JOHN. Single, age 22; height 5 ft. 9 in.; black hair, brown eyes, and dark complexion; has a large nose and is very fond of smoking. Has not been heard of since last March. Was then in Toronto. Mother enquires.

## LOOK THIS WAY!

## COLONIZATION.

Some time ago the Commissioner received numerous applications from soldiers and friends asking that an opportunity might be given them on the land of this country, to make a home for themselves. The following announcement is made for these comrades, and friends, and others who may have similar desires:

"A limited number of able-bodied men, experienced in bush or farm work, are wanted, with the ultimate idea of taking up a homestead. There will be no accommodation for families for at least six months after work commences on the Colony, but work will be found during that time at reasonable wages. The prospects of making a home and becoming the owner of a farm under most favourable conditions are good.

Applicants must give the fullest information concerning themselves, the ages of self and family (if any), exact financial position, information concerning capabilities, together with the name of a reliable person from whom some reference may be had.

All enquiries to be addressed to the Commissioner, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario, and the envelope marked on the outside "Colonization."

# DON'T FAIL TO SECURE A COPY OF OUR SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Dated July 16th.

SOME SPLENDID PICTURES WILL BE FOUND IN IT, AND  
THE READING MATTER IS INTERESTING  
THROUGHOUT.

"When I was a Young Man," an article from the pen of The General, should certainly be read by all who are anxious to know something about the early struggles of General Booth. It will inspire you.

There is a Story for Boys and a Story for Girls, and articles dealing with Natural History and Canadian History. The Experiences of a Salvationist in Prison will interest you, and the spiritual articles will be a blessing to your soul.

ON THE WHOLE IT IS INSTRUCTIVE.  
INTERESTING, PROFITABLE.

THE PRICE IS ONLY TWO CENTS.

Songs for All Meetings.

## Holiness.

Tunes.—Helmsey, 167; Take Salvation, 170.

1 Love Divine, from Jesus flowing,  
Living waters, rich and free;  
Wondrous love, without a limit,  
Flowing through eternity—  
Boundless Ocean,  
I would cast myself in Thee.

Love that pardons past transgressions,  
Love that cleanses every stain,  
Love that fills to overflowing,  
Yet invites to drink again—  
Precious Fountain!  
Which to open Christ was slain.

From my soul break ev'ry fetter,  
Thee to know is all my cry;  
Saviour, I am Thine for ever,  
Thine I'll live and Thine I'll die.  
Only asking,  
More and more of love's supply.

Tune.—None of self.

2 Lord, I come to Thee beseeching  
For a heart-renewing here;  
Up to Thee my hands are stretching,  
After Thee my heart is reaching,  
Saviour, in Thy power draw near.

Holy Spirit, come, revealing  
What has hindered my success:  
'Tis for light, Lord, I'm appealing,  
I am here to seek Thy healing,  
Thou art here to save and bless.

Though Thy light some pain is bringing,  
Thou art answering my prayer;  
To Thy promises I'm clinging,  
At Thy cross myself I'm singing,  
For the blood is flowing there.

## Free and Easy.

Tune.—Come, shout and sing, 221; Song Book, No. 597.

3 Come, shout and sing, make Heaven ring  
With praises to our King;  
Who bled and died, was crucified,  
That He might pardon bring.  
His blood doth save the soul,  
Doth cleanse and make it whole—  
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

## Chorus.

Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, yes, I know!  
I bless the happy day,  
When He washed my sins away;  
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Come, join our band, and make a stand,  
To drive sin from our land;  
"To do or die" our battle-cry,  
We fight at God's command,  
With banner wide unfurled,  
We tell to all the world,  
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Tune.—Nearer my home, 71; Song Book, No. 639.

4 One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,  
Than ever I've been before.

## Chorus.

Nearer my home, nearer my home,  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than ever I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be

Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer leaving the cross to-day,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink,  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Nearer, now than I think.

## Salvation.

Tune.—Travelling Home.

5 We're travelling home to heaven above,

Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love,  
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blessed shore,

Their trials and their labour's o'er,  
And still there's room for millions more.

Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light,

Far, far from death and curse and night,

The crown of life we then shall wear,  
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,

And all the joys of Heaven share.

The way to heaven is straight and plain,

Repent, believe, be born again;  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,

"Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
And thou shalt My salvation see."

Tunes.—Wells, 91; Rousseau, 89; Song Book, No. 117.

6 By Thy birth and by Thy tears,  
By Thy human grief and fears,

By Thy conflict in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power,

Saviour, look with pitying eye—  
Saviour, help me, or I die.

By Thy lonely hour of prayer,  
By Thy fearful conflict there,

By Thy cross and dying cries,  
By Thy one great sacrifice,

Saviour, look with pitying eye—  
Saviour, help me, or I die.

By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power the lost to save,

By Thy high majestic throne,  
By Thy empire all Thine own,

Saviour, look with pitying eye—  
Saviour, help me, or I die.

## Colonel and Mrs. Sowton

will bid

## FAREWELL TO CANADA

At the Temple, on Monday, July 13.

In Connection With the

Farwell, the Commissioning of Cadets Will Take

Place

## CONDUCTED BY THE COMMISSIONER

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE, Accompanied by Adjutant White.

Ottawa 1, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 11th, 12th and 13th.

Hamilton 111. Tent Meetings.

Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson—Saturday and Sunday, July 11-12.

## T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS

Captain Suntin, Western Province—Wallaceburg, July 14, 15; Port Lambton, July 16, 17; Sarnia, July 18, 20.

Captain Mannion, Eastern Ont. Prov.—Cobourg, July 13; Picton, July 14; Trenton, July 15; Campbellford, July 16, 17; Belleville, July 18, 19.

Ensign Ash, Eastern Province—Turio, July 13, 14; New Glasgow, July 15, 16; Port Hood, July 17, 18.

Captain Backus, Eastern Province—Yarmouth, July 15, 16; Sarnia, July 17, 18.